

MC CALL'S

MAGAZINE

JULY
1917

10 cts.





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IMPORTANT

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Price of McCall's Magazine

McCALL'S MAGAZINE is 10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Pattern Agency. If your newsdealer does not carry McCALL'S, please notify us. The subscription price is now 75 cents a year (12 issues), postage free for United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico and the Hawaiian and Philippine Islands; for Canada, \$1.00 a year; foreign countries \$1.50 a year. Order blank on page 82.

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If your magazine does not reach you by the first of the month, whose issue you are waiting for, notify us and we will mail you another copy. For example, if the August number has not been received before August 1st, then write us, briefly, giving the following information: (1) Mention last number received, remembering that in May you received the JUNE number (not the May number); (2) Tell date you subscribed; (3) Mention amount of money sent, and how, if you sent it direct; (4) Send original receipt, if you gave your subscription to an agent.

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If you intend to change your address, please give us four weeks' notice. We cannot make a change of address on our list, unless you give your complete old address as well as your new address. It will help if you also mention the date you subscribed.

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The Editor is not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted. Manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes for their return.

Advertisements

We will not knowingly, or intentionally, insert advertisements from other than perfectly reliable firms or business men. If subscribers find any of them to be otherwise, we will esteem it a favor if they will so advise us, giving full particulars.

Our August Issue

A Group of Interesting Features

Russia in the Making

By Mathilda Robbins

Women have played a vital part in the upheaval in Russia. This is the inspiring tale of their achievements, by a young Russian woman.

The Man Who Got On

By Olive Wadsley

Miss Wadsley is a short-story writer of repute in England. Watch for her very human stories in McCall's.

Delicia

By Nan Shanks Clark

Something of love, and a great deal about Delicia and her amusing maiden aunts, combine to make this captivating story for the August McCall's.

The Unattainable Glamour

By Ruth B. Tuthill

Another of this popular author's clever and far-seeing problem stories. All the characters have been your neighbors at one time or another.

Lighting the Modern House

By Corinne Updegraff Wells

Facts you should know for the beauty and comfort of your home. The third article in our "Home Beautiful" series.

The Forked Road

By an Old-Fashioned Mother

The marriage service says "For better, for worse, till death do us part;" but herein a distressed mother questions the rite.

Uncle Sam's Kitchen Brigade

By Household Experts

Articles on canning vegetables, preserving fruit, planning economical menus, conserving the food supply, will all be featured in August.

Fashions in Clothes

In the August fashion world the designs for midsummer include a bewildering array of slip-dresses, military blouses, fascinating jabots and stocks, skirt bloomers and puttees for outdoor work.

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Dated.....

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According to the terms of Treasury Department Circular No. 78, dated May 14, 1917, the undersigned hereby apply for \$..... par value of the 15-30 Year 3½ Per Cent Gold Bonds of the United States, and agree to pay par and accrued interest for any bonds allotted on this application. The sum of \$..... is enclosed, being 2 per cent on the amount of bonds applied for (or payment in full for the one \$50 or the one \$100 bond applied for).

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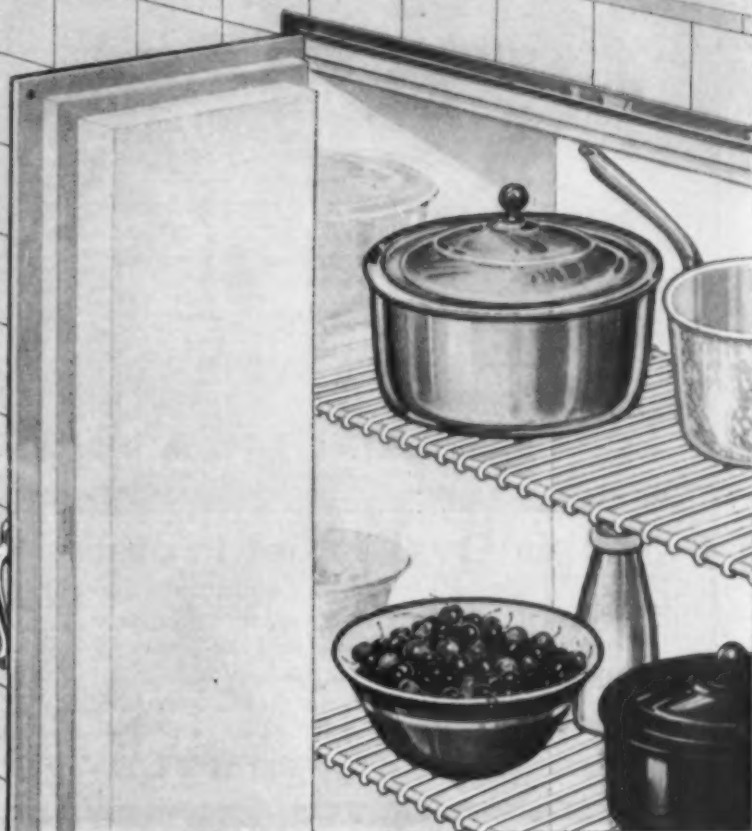
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1505

ARMOUR AND COMPANY



JULY

McCALL'S

MAGAZINE

1917



YEAR and a half ago, in the fall of 1915, a man whom I knew returned from a six months' sojourn in France where he had been

spending sixteen hours out of every twenty-four in various sorts of relief work. He stayed only a week in New York City and then went on up to his country home in Massachusetts. In less than a month he was gone again, back to France, when he had intended to stay here for six months, anyway. "I can't stand it," he declared. "This is the America that I have always loved, and yet your faces are alien to me. You are all money-mad; your faces are nothing but self-satisfied dollar signs. Over in France, even in the small boy who blacks my boots I see the holding of a vision that embraces all humanity. I've a new standard of humanness now, and I've got to go back where it won't be constantly outraged."

All of us said "Yes, yes," quite sympathetically, but we didn't understand in the slightest. Anyway, we remembered that he always had been a nervous, temperamental sort of a being, and we privately decided that his nearness to such a great tragedy as the war had further disturbed his sense of proportion.

AND now has come our own share in the world war, and I understand, because of the change in the faces of the crowds and of the people near me and in myself, what he meant. We weren't all animated dollar signs by any means but most of us were engaged in pursuing some personal goal of our own. Now with an issue squarely before us that involves the life and happiness of every American, those small personal goals have dropped into insignificance. Their submergence has required no unselfish effort on our part—they have merely lost their meaning—and the new light that has dawned on the faces of the crowd in consequence is compelling. Sacrifices that would have seemed monumental before are every-day affairs now because we are all making them. Individual aims and purposes are dwarfed beside the one purpose we all share, to uphold our national

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

honor and help our Allies win the war. And we know that we have no easy task before us and that to accomplish it will demand the assistance of every one of us.

Hundreds of our readers have written in, either telling

the patriotic service they have been rendering or asking for suggestions as to what they could do. Those letters have fired our interest and we want to know what all of you are doing or planning to do for your country. Perhaps if you yourself have not discovered or initiated some service you are taking part in a work which is headed by your church, your club, your town, your grange. In any case, you are undoubtedly doing something of value, and we want to know about it so that we can print it and start some other less inventive person off on capitalizing her time for her nation.

ACTION, enthusiasm are contagious; so that if you want to help your country, do so with double effectiveness by writing us about it and thus spurring some one else on to the point of wanting to go and do likewise. No matter what it is you are doing, no matter how simple or apparently small in its effects, if it is a service to your country, tell us about it. Whether you are the organizer or merely one of the working units of a far-reaching service movement, we want to know your share in it. Small economies, conservation of food, of clothes, we want to know about. Sit down and write us a letter to-day, giving all the details. For the best letter we will give a prize of \$25; for the second best \$15; for the third best \$10; and for the next four, in order of excellence, \$5 each. For all others that we use, we will pay our regular rates. The letters can be as long or as short as you want to make them, and the prizes will be awarded on three bases, the ingenuity of the work you are doing, the skill with which you are carrying it out, and the degree of interest you can awaken in the reader in your telling of it to make her go and do likewise. The contest is open to every one, whether subscribers or not. All letters must be mailed on or before July twentieth. No letters can be returned but will be destroyed if found unavailable.

THE CRUSADE

By GERTRUDE Mac NULTY STEVENS

Illustrated by MAURICE LINCOLN BOWER



LITTLE Mrs. Carey entered upon her career as a suffrage street-speaker by falling through a packing-box that the proprietor of the five-cent store had lent her for a rostrum.

The small audience instantly increased to a crowd, people apparently coming right up out of the street, and, for fear so splendid an assemblage would disperse, she went right on with her speech, even before she could be extracted from the wreckage. She finished, however, in a blaze of glory, from the tonneau of an automobile. Its owner, admiring her pluck, had placed it at her disposal.

Mrs. Carey, fair and forty, and something more than plump, but less than fat, with her bright blue eyes, clear pink skin, the ready grin of an urchin, and a mass of curly white hair that made her resemble a little French marquise newly stepped from a Dresden plate, was a distinct acquisition to the suffrage ranks of her city. For a long time, she resisted the plea that she speak in the street campaign, only yielding when she was allowed to include in her talks a plea against child labor, her particular hobby. Two things only could make Mollie Carey fighting mad—the abuse of children, and the being told that she did not look like a suffragist.

From that night of her debut as a street-speaker, dated her determination that the Union must own a car, and so become independent of treacherous packing-boxes and the humiliation of borrowing machines from friends.

"Isn't it a perfect crime, Burt," she lamented to her husband, "that every third 'anti' in town seems able to have a car, but so few perfectly good suffragists own one?"

"Moral—Be an 'anti,'" murmured Mr. Carey.

His wife regarded him coldly. "The minute my legs get healed from that awful box," she observed, properly ignoring his flippancy, "I'm going right to work for a car. I don't believe there's any other thing they need so much. We could have so many more meetings, and conduct them so much more effectively."

Mrs. Carey never let grass grow under her little slippers when she had set herself a task. She entered upon what Burton Carey called "The Carey car crusade" even more promptly than she had threatened, beginning where charity should, at home.

BURT, dear, didn't you know Oscar Lord at Yale?" she inquired one morning as she manipulated the percolator at the breakfast-table. The sun, streaming through the filmy curtains at her back fell upon her hair in a halo of light. The crispness of her white linen house-gown was enhanced by the royal-blue tie at her throat. Mollie always wore a touch of blue about her. Carey looked at her with pleasure. He took the bait without suspicion.

"Who? Oh, Lord?" he asked. "Yes, indeed. Knew him well. Fine chap. Was with the gang in that hazing scrape when we nearly all got the hook. Always had an eye for mechanics, even then, and business. Wish he had taught me to make money hand over fist the way he has done."

Mrs. Carey interrupted his reminiscences, beamingly.

"I'm awfully glad. That simplifies everything. I want you to write and ask him to give us a car for the Union. They say he makes a thousand a day. He'll never miss one teeny little one out of all that many."

Burton Carey set down his cup with an aggrieved air. He registered no surprise, however. Fifteen years of married life had accustomed him to every known variety of attack, and some unclassified ones.

"Noth-ing do-ing. Absolutely noth-ing do-ing!"

"But Burt—"

"I don't care. It isn't being done this year—Not at all, by the best people, except for the Belgians—Couldn't think of it." He wagged his head solemnly.

"You begged the Bronze Medal people for flour for Mrs. Cox's diet kitchen," Mollie shot at him.

"Very true, Light of the Harem, but I didn't know 'em personally, and, besides, it was for the blessed babes, don't you know?"

"So'll this be for the babies, in the end. I'm going to preach against child labor right along with suffrage every time."

Carey finished his muffin and folded his napkin into its ring. "Don't you see I couldn't do it, Mollie?" he pleaded, edging toward the door. "Lord's probably forgotten me these dozen years. Wouldn't know me from Adam."

"Well, in that case, you could approach him, according to your own standards with the flour people."

"Ouch, Mollie! Have a heart!"

"Burt Carey, you won't be so mean?"

"All of that. Go ahead and do your worst, but leave me out of it. I am opposed to these street meetings, anyway, though I have never forbidden you to take part in them," he finished, virtuously.

Mollie gasped indignantly.

"Well, I should think you wouldn't forbid me! The idea!—All righty, I will go ahead, and don't you ever expect any rides in our car!"

"When you get it," he giped at her from the safe vantage of the hall.

HIS wife wrinkled her brows for a moment, while she took stock of her bruised legs to determine whether she might venture on a trip down-town that day. Deciding in the affirmative, she arrayed herself festively, and limped to the local agency of the Lord Motor Company, where the impression she made upon the manager was later conveyed to the cashier as follows:

"Perkiest little suffragette you could imagine blew in here while you were at lunch. Wanted the big boss's home address. Going to ask him to donate a car for the use of her votes-for-women outfit. She's got it all worked out that it's a simple business proposition, and we'll get our pay in the advertising it'll give us—as if our car needed any more advertising. She said they'd have it in all the suffrage papers, and even painted on the car that it was donated by the Lord Motor Company. She didn't look like a suffragette, either—classy hat, fluffy ruffles, and so on—little bit lame, though. Shoes too snug, probably."

"Will Mr. Lord do it?" queried the cashier, fingering what she called her "lawvuhleer."

"Will he? Not so's you could notice it," returned the manager. "He's a rabid woman's-place-is-in-the-home man, and I'm right with him there, myself."

The cashier bridled a little "That's all right if the woman's got the home, Mr. Sargeant; but when she hasn't, her place is where her job is."

"Ah, you could have the home any time you wanted it," soothed the man, applying the time-honored balm of flattery to the wound.

The cashier melted beneath the warmth of his gaze. "Did you tell her about Mr. Lord's feelings?"

"Who, me?" Mr. Sargent was injured. "When did you ever see me a spoil-sport? No, indeed, I just let her know he was going to be here to-morrow afternoon, and if she happened in she might get a personal interview, about four. She went off tickled to death."

The cashier giggled. "My, but you're the cut-up! I shall surely be right here in the cage to see the fun."

It was fun, for the non-combatants, but less than it might have been had not Mrs. Carey's long-suffering limbs given out and compelled her to send a substitute to approach Mr. Lord. The lady argued wisely and well, but vainly, and her account of the experience added to Mrs. Carey's original determination to secure the car, the vindictively personal desire that Oscar Lord should present it in person.

DAY and night she ruminated on the subject, to the utter neglect—as he considered it—of her husband.

"Mollie Carey, if this goes on, you'll make an 'anti' of me," he complained, one morning, as they were dressing, and he waved a buttonless undergarment before her unseeing eyes.

"You never were much else," his wife returned, unmoved.

"Well, I like that, after I pranced in that March-third holocaust, toting a fifty-pound banner. Talk about black ingratitude!"

"Yes, I know you were a dear about that, but you're awfully mean about the car. I shouldn't think you'd want your wife falling through packing-boxes and scarring her legs."

"Sorry about the legs, Girl," Carey replied, "but I'd like a little attention myself, and you ought to know that I can't make a fool of myself by approaching Lord. A man can't afford to do such things. How do I know he's a sufferer, even?"

"He isn't. I found that out myself."

He looked at her in surprise.

"You did? How?"

"Never you mind. All I want now is to meet him socially, somehow. Will you do that much for me?" She came over and sat on his knee.

Burton groaned and tried to preserve a detached and injured air, but there was no resisting Mollie when she tried to charm. He grinned reluctantly.

"It's a simple matter, seeing that you already know his cousins, the Whitney's, not to mention his friends, the Havens and the Donaldson-Rays."

Mollie bounced off his lap delightedly. "How perfectly splendid! Why have they never mentioned him to me? Why didn't you tell me before?—What is he like, anyway?"

"Good-natured sort of chap, long and lean, as I remember him. Used to be golf crazy, but was a rank duffer at it!"

"Oh, golf—" repeated Mollie, speculatively. "Hm—Wonder whether he still likes it? You ought to play, Burt."

"Excuse me," protested Carey. "Tennis or a horse for mine. Hiking ten miles over a rough cow-pasture, looking for a quinine pill with a hooked stick, makes no lasting appeal to me."

"I used to play some." Mollie's eyes stared dreamily out of the window. "I wonder—"

"What do you wonder?"

"Oh, nothing. I believe I'll go and call on Kate Whitney this afternoon. I haven't seen her for weeks."

Carey laughed aloud. "My, but you're transparent! The next thing I know, we'll be invited to meet the Oscar Lord's at dinner. 'Dee-lighted, and such a surprise!'"

Mollie joined in the laugh. "Well, if we are, you'll have a good time. You like a good time, don't you?"



"BY THE WAY, LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR RIPPING GOOD BEHAVIOR. HAVEN'T BROKEN OUT ABOUT SUFFRAGE YET!"



"IT'S HARDLY A SPORTING PROPOSITION, IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH, AND I DIDN'T THINK IT OF YOU"

Carey recalled the conversation some months later, and reminded her of it as they were settling themselves into their chairs in the train en route for the Whitney's country place in New York.

"Of course, you arranged for them to have the Lords there to make it pleasant for us?" he jeered.

"Certainly."

He stared at her incredulously.

"Mollie, you don't mean it? Are they?"

"I do, and they are," she responded calmly. "And now, Burt Carey, it's up to you to renew old acquaintance."

"You're a witch, Mrs. Carey. I take off my hat to you. People were burned on Salem Hill for less, and not such a long time ago, at that. Black magic, I call it."

"Nothing of the sort. Merely a little tact. Kate and I were always good friends, but she has been going the social pace too strong for me lately. I've been seeing a good deal of her recently on account of her Galaxy Club. She's chairman of the entertainment committee for next year, and I've been helping her plan for the program."

"Novel stunts would be right in your line, certainly," Carey commented as he opened his magazine. "Well, I can't pretend to keep a line on your devious devices. All I ask is this—All your poor, long-suffering husband implores is this—Don't break loose on suffrage and spill the beans! 'Oh, promise me, Oh, prom-ise me-e-e!'" He chanted the last in a reedy tenor that sent Mollie looking around the car in alarm.

"I'll throw something at you if you make that noise again," she threatened. "But further, I've nothing to say."

Renewing his youth with Lord was agreeable and easy for Carey; and Mollie, of course, readily made friends with Mrs. Lord, as well. The pleasure of the visit was only marred by Carey's latent dread that Mollie would "break loose on suffrage;" but as the days slipped by without any symptoms of the sort, his fears were lulled to rest.

Golf and riding about equally divided the interest of the house-party, with golf a shade to the fore. Carey soon enrolled himself among the riders, and tried to induce his wife to join him.

"Not with my present figure, Honey," she told him. "I know where to draw the line. You ride with Mrs. Lord, and I'll let her husband beat me at golf. She hates it."

Carey squinted at her suspiciously. "What are you up to? You've not been angelic all this time for naught. For pity's sake, don't spoil everything now. I'm having the time of my life."

"And you can keep on having it," she reassured him. "Here he comes." Then, "Oh, Mr. Lord, you are good to take me around the course again! I am such a dub. But I didn't have to replace quite as many divots this morning as yesterday, did I?"

She walked away beside the smiling millionaire with the ghost of a wink over her shoulder at her husband. That wink bothered Carey. A foreboding sense of trouble rose within him; but the arrival of Mrs. Lord and the horses drove it away.

A rollicking wind slapped their faces as they topped the hill past the golf links, which had been laid out in an old

[Continued on page 64]

THE LITTLE LEAD DISK

By HILDA BARNES WOOSTER

Illustrated by W. C. NIMS

THE Park Avenue car stopped on a switch. Susan stood in the six o'clock crowd, reading head-lines over people's shoulders. One or two facetious remarks about sending the Kaiser a picture postcard of the Woolworth Building or Niagara Falls, reaped but few smiles. They were on the verge of war, the papers told these people, and it was something to think about.

A woman who was visibly affected by the news, spoke to Susan: "I always hoped I'd never live to see it," she said.

"But there are some things worse than war," Sue replied. She was thinking of the Watsons, of a white house with ruffled curtains, of the sacrifice of certain "war bride" shares—thinking of Gary and the little lead disk. No, war was not the deadliest thing.

Gary and Sue were dancing at the Country Club when the call to arms came. Sue explained, afterward, that Gary had just run her into the sharpest elbow on the membership list, before he was summoned to the 'phone, and that that was the cause of her agonized expression when he told her the news. The truth was that she had never heard a call to arms before.

Gary left her in charge of the Watsons, started his car, and rode off to report at the Armory as a Corporal of Troop Y, U. S. N. G.

There was a merciless swiftness about it all, to Sue. The cheer from the crowd at the club, as Gary went, was rather terrifying, somehow. She was a brick to stand there, smiling, they told her; would her feelings have to solidify into brick-like callosity from now on? There was nothing to worry about, Lane Watson declared; America would never go to war.

The Watsons had been married six years; Sue and Gary but three months. Lane Watson was Gary's best man—Gary had been his. Sue loved the small boy who called them, "Uncle Sue," "Aunt Gary!" He was so much everything a normal child should be. She had tried to like Claudia Watson better than she did; tried to think her the right wife for Lane, who so correctly fitted Gary's measurements of a man.

Sue was twenty-three. Her conception of a modern woman was not in accord with Claudia's. She had heard Claudia, who was twenty-six, complain that her husband studied the temperament of his furnace, not his wife; that he was more interested in the baby's tonsils than the Little Theater movement; that he perennially anticipated a fishing trip in August, and wheat cakes Sunday mornings.

Frequently, when Sue stopped in to see Claudia, she found her entertaining Wendell Pierce. There was nothing wrong with Wendell, Gary always said; he was just

"a mess." He rode into town on other people's running-boards; he happened along as a group sat down to dinner and protested against their making room for him—he would sit anywhere, which was usually beside the helpless hostess; he went in search of ladies' dogs or sweaters as the check came into view.

WHENEVER

Sue found him at the Watson's, he would insist upon walking home with her. If Gary was already home, he'd say, cordially, "Come in, Wendell, and let us make you a cup of good strong tea." Wendell, never minding, of course would come.

He it was who asked Sue to dance, after Gary left for the



A SMALL LEAD DISK ON A CORD MADE HER PAUSE

Armory; but Sue told him, with a slightly patient smile, she guessed she'd go home if Claudia and Lane would take her.

Lane took her. Claudia put her in the car, herself, kissed her, and said she knew Sue would prefer to be alone with Gary when he came home; so she would stay on at the club and wait for Lane to return for her.

"Do you think Gary should go?" Sue asked Lane as soon as possible. "I mean if they're called?"

"I don't think the married men will have to," he told her.

"But do you think he ought to go?" she persisted.

"It all depends on Gary, and," he added, thoughtfully, "and you—the way you feel about it."

"How would you feel?" she put it to him, directly.

"Me? Oh, if my country really needed me, I'd go, of course—but it would be no fun leaving Claudia and Sport. I hope I never know how it feels."

They reached Gary's new home, and Lane saw her safely in and left her.

It was twelve when Gary finally arrived to find Sue waiting in soft, pink, wavy things, the resplendency of which he was sure he would never get used to. Her feet were still silver-shod in dancing slippers, her yellow-brown hair still caught in a coil at the back. Her eyes were like blue candles, lighted.

IS there anything in the house to eat?" he wanted to know, irrelevantly to the one thought that refused to let go of their minds. And a little later, as he helped himself to more strawberry conserve, and smiled at her across the table, he said, "If the Kaiser only had some of this 'schmear' of yours, dear, it would put him in a most conciliatory mood."

There was no use in this, Sue felt; so she asked him for the news. His eye intent upon locating a strawberry, he told her.

"The troop has been ordered to mobilize."

There was no fraught-with-meaning silence. Sue gave forth no cry of alarm; she felt none. For all that the ruffled window-curtains knew, mobilization was a recreative game.

"But there won't be war," Sue was confident. "There have been so many scares. This will probably end with nothing more than 'guard duty.'"

"No doubt," he was willing to agree. "Still, it's the first time we've really had an order. However, I don't

have to go. The government has issued a statement excusing married men."

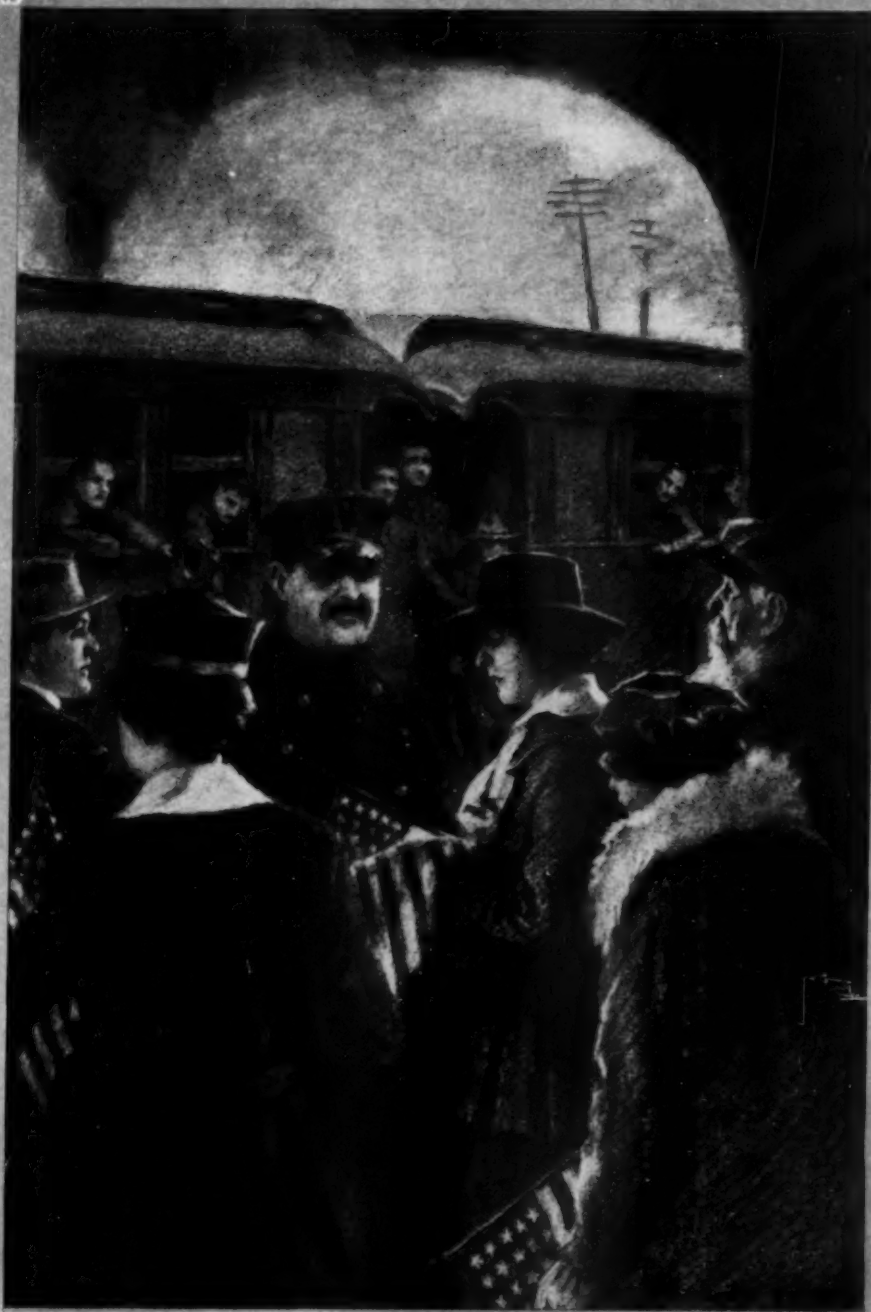
"How perfectly wonderful—wonderful," said Sue; and, for the first time, helped herself to cheese. It was remarkable how quickly things got straightened out for one.

"I don't care what anyone says," began Gary, "my duty is here with you. There are lots of single men anxious to go. That's what the Captain said, there are so few of us married, he can readily fill the vacancies."

IN England they don't take married men," was what Sue had learned, "without a written agreement from the wife; and that's only fair. The majority will feel that way, too. Gary, and, anyway, public opinion counts for so little, doesn't it?"

"Absolutely nothing with me," he told her. "Why, we couldn't give up the house just as we got it settled—and we couldn't very well keep it, if I went."

It was a tiny, white clapboarded bit of Arcadia which rented for fifty dollars a month. In it they had a few good pieces of old mahogany, plenty of books, an English oak dining-set, some Wedgwood china, a print of Nelly O'Brien, and one or two by Maxfield Parrish. The fireplace did not smoke, Sue assured her guests, who were promptly shown the sleeping-porch, by Gary, and, at the slightest encouragement, the attic and cellar, also. Everybody had commented on the real atmosphere they had managed to create in such a new home.



SHE LOOKED AT IT, QUEERLY. IT WAS HER FLAG—HERS AND GARY'S. THE RED OF ITS STRIPES WAS REDDER FOR A DROP OF THEIR HEARTS' BLOOD

"No, we can't give it up," she decided, "and we won't."
 "I've been wondering," said Gary, later, as he hung up his tie, "who'll have my horse. That's the best horse in the troop, Sue, by far, and if the wrong man gets him, he'll be spoiled. Did you ever see such shoulders as that animal has?"

"Never," vowed Sue; and, startled by the new, incomprehensible look in Gary's eyes, she began to wonder, too.

She had been brought up to stand at the opening chords of the "Star-Spangled Banner." Every Fourth of July her father provided fireworks which the family watched from the porch, in the evening. It was comfortable patriotism. The patriotism that inspired the men in Europe to smile, stanchly, as they marched forth to almost inevitable destruction, was an attribute of which Sue had no true conception.

Troop Y was to Sue a commendable institution. She preferred it to most clubs. It afforded Gary opportunities for exercise, companionship, and wholesome pleasure. She liked the men in the troop, and enjoyed the horses, herself, in weekly rides with Gary. That it had a serious purpose was mentioned only on the last page of the book describing its activities.

FOR two years, there had been head-lines in the papers prophesying war for the United States. At intervals, thick and high, then again they protruded less poignantly. Sue refused to allow newspaper talk to disturb her while she was busy with being engaged to Gary, and next so entirely occupied with being married to him. This was a harvest time of happiness which she would let nothing spoil.

So she suffered no severe shock at the mobilization news pursuant of the diplomatic break with Germany. It would not affect her, of course. Swift, easy, American figuring reduced it all to the common denominator—Gary would not have to go.

With youthful optimism which prompted her not to interpret the look in Gary's eyes at his reference to his horse, she went to sleep. At four o'clock she awoke, and searched her memory for a mental irritant. She recalled the troop's order, and frowned. Gary's puzzling expression of the night before was now illumined all too clearly.

He was up. She rose and went to the door. There was a light in the sitting-room at the end of the hall. Sue stayed where she was, found a negligee and slippers, and took a chair by the window.

War—that was what she must consider—war as a reality that would take Gary and leave her alone, and stop the ticking of their Banjo clock. War that would stretch Gary on the ground, blind, maimed, unconscious, and calling for her while she sat miles away, helpless. War that would kill Gary—

THE battlefields of the world were increasing with dire rapidity. Many of us had begun to rebel against the cruel placidity we, as neutrals, maintained in the face of wronged humanity. Would the elasticity of our national conscience finally snap?

Would Gary go or would he not, if there were war?—this was the test. One decision would require her faith in her country, a snug, passive thing, to turn and twist and shape itself into an active being which she must be willing to nourish with her own acts. Personal feelings would have to be sorted, piled in a mass, and put securely out of the way. It would be a hard, dreary house-cleaning.

In the half light of dawn, Sue saw the phantom faces of a million women gazing at her through the window. She had read about them, talked about them, pictured them to herself for over two years, and now she saw them for the first time. They were women whose Garys had gone and would never come back, whose houses were pretty no longer, whose clocks had long since ceased their ticking. They were women who had given their happiness on this earth for—humanity. They were the silent suffering women of Europe.

The door-bell rang.

"Gary!" called Sue, instinctively.

"Yes, dear," he came into the hall, quickly. "You stay here," he told her, quietly. "Probably a messenger boy trying to find a number, that's all."

She waited at the head of the stairs. Gary opened the front door. "Lane!" he fairly gasped it. "What on earth—I fully expected to see a U-boat captain standing here."

The door banged shut.

"Gary—" it was a voice sapped of emotion; it went on with precision, efficiency! "I'm done for. Claudia's gone. Left us—Sport and me—didn't love us, enough, that's all."

"Lane!" it came, solitary, from the depths of Gary's heart. "My old chum!"

AN inhuman sound sped up to Sue—a signal of tortured strength and weakness. She put her fingers in her ears, knowing that Lane had started to cry.

She went down presently and found Lane's eyes glistening not with tears, but with the brightness of steel.

"Do you mind?" she asked them. "I heard, of course, and I couldn't just stay up there, knowing. Though, if you'd rather be alone—"

"Stay, Sue," said Lane, simply. "Maybe you can tell me what to do."

There was a pause. Then, "Claudia wasn't at the club when I went back, last night," Lane began; "had left word for me she decided to leave early, after all, and had accepted the Merrills' invitation to ride home. It didn't seem queer to me. She often did sort of unexpected, harmless things like that, you know."

"I know," Sue offered, gently, inwardly reflecting that her knowledge of Claudia far exceeded his own.

"I went home," he continued, "thinking I'd find her. Then I thought they had broken down. Waited an hour. Got out my car again and drove back over the club road, expecting to meet them at every turn. Finally phoned the Merrills' house. They were home, said Claudia decided at the last minute to—"

"Hold on, now, Lane"—Gary reached his arm across the shaking shoulders—"don't let yourself go again, old man."

"You see," he made a courageous effort at steadiness, "I had already discovered her wardrobe trunk packed and locked, in our room, but I wouldn't believe—until they said she had gone with—Pierce."

Lane was immediately battling with the night-lock on the front door, trying to let himself out.

"Wait," begged Gary, "just a minute till I get my things on, Lane, and I'll go with you wherever you want."

"I can't," said Lane, pitifully, "I've got to go home once more and see if it's really true. I can't believe it—I can't stand it—let me go, Gary—I can't wait."

He went.

"Will you be afraid to stay alone, if I follow him?" Gary inquired of Sue.

"Afraid?" she repeated, wonderingly. "Afraid of what?"

Three hours later, they returned. In Lane's coat pocket was the merciless letter Claudia had left for him, with a maid, an inconsequential arrangement of words warranted to kill. She simply hadn't it in her to be contented in the way he was; traditional mother-love was a quality alien to her; Sport did not make up to her for the stupidity of their daily routine.

For relief, escape from bondage, another chance at conquest, she would turn to the law. Poor Claudia! the law would supply her demands so far and stop. It would be powerless to add one spark of love to equal that which Sport and Lane had for her.

She was going west—alone. The last proved to be true. Wendell Pierce had driven her home and gone his insignificant way. She had called a taxi to take her to the train.

She left Lane the rings he had given her, the electric coupé, his son—and took with her his reason for living, his ambition to succeed, his boy's right to an untarnished name.

Gary led his best friend into the dining-room where Sue had coffee ready. It was a ghostly feast with Lane's dead happiness, host.

[Continued on page 82]

THE NAMELESS MAN

By NATALIE SUMNER LINCOLN

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.—Traveling east from California, Dwight Tilghman is murdered by a dose of oxalic acid dissolved in brandy. The tragedy mystifies a fellow traveler, Julian Barclay, since, before a train stop in Atlanta, he had lent Tilghman his flask, and yet, after the discovery of the murder, he is unable to locate it anywhere. Ito, a Japanese, is suspected of the crime. Before his alibi is proved, he draws before Barclay the pattern of the latter's missing flask. Barclay, Norcross, and the rest of Tilghman's train companions are exonerated at the inquest, although Barclay is unable to account for his time. Unexpectedly, Norcross and Barclay meet as house guests of the Ogdens in Washington, where Barclay recognizes in Ethel Ogden, a cousin of his hosts, the original of a mysterious miniature he had found in his pocket on the train. At a reception at the Japanese Embassy, just before he discovers and pockets a flask identical to his, Barclay believes he sees Ito; but before he can reach him, the man has disappeared. Barclay tells Ethel he loves her, and she agrees to wear his jade ring. As she leaves the room, her cousin comes in to tell Barclay that Ethel is engaged to James Patterson, a Representative from California. Ethel receives from her mother the sketch of a hand pouring powder into a glass, which she had seen against a train window, in the station at Atlanta, on the day of the tragedy. On one of the fingers is a ring which Ethel recognizes as Barclay's. In the meantime, Barclay discovers that the liquid in the flask he found at the Embassy contained merely the Japanese national drink. Barclay interests Patterson because the latter vaguely associates him with some unpleasant incident of the past. One midnight, Ethel and Norcross see Barclay place something in a jar. It proves to be the miniature of herself, which she had never seen, and she takes it. The picture puzzles her, since the gown is unlike any she ever had. Presently, Barclay climbs out of a window, and they hear his voice, which says: "Ito, I tell you, I have no more money to spare." The next day, Barclay informs the Ogdens that the house was visited by a burglar the night before, and that he believes the man was Ito. Professor Norcross tells Ethel that he believes Barclay's part in the so-called burglary must have some connection with the Tilghman murder. That day, looking out of a window, Barclay sees Patterson and Ito talking together. Preceding a big dinner at the Ogdens', for reasons he does not name, Patterson asks Barclay to leave town. Ethel, before them both, declares her faith in Barclay.

CHAPTER XIV

WALTER OGDEN'S glance roved around the dinner-table as he kept up a brisk conversation with his right-hand neighbor, and a sense of triumph replaced his concealed anxiety. The dinner was unquestionably a success, in point of service, decorations, appointments, and the social standing of the guests. Ogden's contact with the world had taught him not only the value of money, but when to spend it with the best results. He practised his creed, "Dollar diplomacy," at home as well as abroad. Jane's success deserved reward, he mentally decided, and settled on a diamond-studded wrist-watch as a special gift of appreciation for her.

Mrs. Ogden, seated between a South American ambassador and a high dignitary of the church who had recently come to Washington, helped herself to the salad with a distinct feeling of elation. The dinner had moved smoothly, no lull in the conversation, no contretemps had marred the pleasure of the evening. And it had not opened auspiciously. On returning from the dining-room with Professor Norcross, after rearranging the decorations, she had found Lois McLane standing in the hall, and, together, they had walked into the drawing-room and into a tableau. No other word in Mrs. Ogden's vocabulary fitted the situation. Patterson's ill-suppressed fury; Ethel's flushed cheeks; Dr. McLane's suave manner; and Barclay's sparkling eyes and air of elation, all indicated a scene. What it was about she had no idea, for they had talked inanities—all, that is, except Barclay, who had excused himself and left the room. Mrs. Ogden was so annoyed with her cousin, that everything happening out of the ordinary, she attributed to his disquieting influence. She had seen to it that the width of the table separated him from Ethel, and, but for the

presence of Maru Takasaki, would have assigned James Patterson to take Ethel out to dinner. But Ethel was most decidedly the proper person to entertain the Japanese attaché, and Ogden had assured her that Representative Patterson and Takasaki and his wife must be put as far apart as possible.

Discovering that the Ambassador was deep in conversation with the woman seated at his right, Mrs. Ogden turned to the churchman who was her left-hand neighbor.

"I am admiring your beautiful china and glasses," he said, finishing his salad with due enjoyment.

"Thank you." Mrs. Ogden smiled delightedly. She greatly respected the Bishop, and his benign manner had a soothing influence on her volatile nature. "I am glad you like it. This is my first winter in Washington."

"Mine, too," interposed the Bishop, smiling. "We are both, in a sense missionaries—you have come to Washington to teach society how to live, whereas I have come to teach it how to die."

A low laugh from Ethel, who had overheard his comment, caused the Bishop to turn from his flurried hostess. "And what is Miss Ogden doing?" he asked.

"Teaching, also," she answered.

"The heathen?" and the Bishop's smile was infectious.

"Foreign diplomats." Ethel looked demurely at her plate. "And Mr. Takasaki is so ungrateful that he is urging me to give up lessons and try writing."

THE bishop talked with Ethel for some time, and was visibly enjoying himself. The girl's old buoyant spirit had returned since the scene in the drawing-room. Her faith in Julian Barclay was not misplaced; his behavior in the face of James Patterson's charges had proved that. And Patterson's attack upon his character had not been backed up by Leonard McLane, as he had evidently expected and counted upon that it would be. And, vindicated in one instance, Barclay would be also cleared of any implication in the murder of Dwight Tilghman; so ran Ethel's sub-conscious thoughts, and her heart was filled with a great thanksgiving. Even unemotional Takasaki met her gay smile with a show of responsiveness, and the Bishop had eaten his dinner with greater relish for the added spice of her merry mood.

"Genius is so misdirected these days," sighed the Bishop. "And few writers make the distinction between strength and coarseness. You can congratulate yourself, Mr. Takasaki," as the Japanese attaché turned to join in their conversation, "that the problem novel has not struck Japan."

Takasaki, when in doubt, always smiled, and the Bishop envied him his strong white teeth. "Sanetomo Ito is our great national political writer," he said. "He solves all what you call problems on paper."

"I forgot your problems are mainly political," responded the Bishop, concealing a smile. "Ours, alas, embrace the home, and are seldom solved by problem novel writers." After this, the Bishop turned and gave his full attention to his hostess.

"Sanetomo Ito"—Ethel repeated the name thoughtfully—"is he known in this country, Mr. Takasaki?"

"His writing has been given in English, and, I believe, are read by the most studios," replied the Japanese. "And he travel here once or twice."

"Has this Mr. Ito any relatives in the United States?" asked Ethel.

Takasaki considered the question before replying. "Many Ito's in Nippon, Mees Ogden; and one most high admiral; but I no keep track of family members. You met a Nipponese

name Ito?" and Ethel became conscious that his black eyes were boring into her with the intentness of his gaze.

"I have not met him, only seen him," she corrected. "Yoshida Ito."

The Japanese attaché shook his head. "I know Itos, but no Yoshida. You think my wife look well?" and by his manner Ethel knew that the topic of Yoshida Ito was to be taboo between them. She had tried too often to make other Japanese discuss matters which they wished avoided, not to know the futility of such proceedings, and she accepted the change of conversation with good grace.

TO James Patterson, the dinner appeared never-ending. He was furiously angry with Julian Barclay and Leonard McLane; but for the latter's extraordinary conduct in the drawing-room, Julian Barclay would have been exposed and sent about his business. He could not conceive what had induced McLane to shield Barclay—he did McLane the justice to admit that money considerations would not influence him. Perhaps, after all, he was wrong, and Julian Barclay was the man he pretended to be. Patterson looked at Barclay, who sat on his side of the round table; no, he must be right; he could almost swear to his identity—but McLane—Patterson shook his head in bewilderment. There was nothing for it but to await the answer to his telegram.

"A penny for your thoughts?" said a soft voice at his side, and, facing about, Patterson smiled at Lois McLane, a happy edition of the Lois Tremaine whose troubled

courtship had carried her along through tragedy, safely to the altar with the man she worshiped.

"Can you not guess my thoughts?" asked Patterson.

"Well, judging by your glances, I imagine you are wishing you were seated by Ethel Ogden," and Lois laughed mischievously. "It's not complimentary to me, but—"



"GO BACK, ETHEL," PATTERSON COMMANDED. "THE FIRE IS SPREADING, AND YOU MAY BE INJURED"

"There are extenuating circumstances," completed Patterson, reddening. He had not realized that his absorption in Ethel was observed by others, and, as he seldom took teasing in good part, he hastened to change the conversation. "Despite my very best efforts, I cannot cure the Ogden of inviting Japanese to their home; some day they will be sorry."

But before he could continue, Patterson's attention was claimed by the woman on his left, and Lois sat silent, not wishing to break into the discussion which Julian Barclay, on her right, was having with his dinner partner. Lois had not met Barclay before, having accompanied her husband to Atlanta, but what she had heard of him had awakened her interest. She was often guided by first impressions, and she was still debating in her mind whether she liked the man or not, when he turned and looked at her.

BE a good Samaritan, Mrs. McLane," he said, "and tell me who is sitting next each other on the other side of the centerpiece."

"I can only see one corner of the table." Lois craned her head and looked around the bed of roses which formed the centerpiece. "Ethel Ogden is sitting next to the Bishop, and on her other side is Mr. Takasaki. Ethel is lovely to-night," she said sincerely, in a burst of enthusiasm. "If I were a man I'd be mad about her."

"Far be it from me to disagree with your opinion." Barclay laughed, but the look in his eyes won Lois' sympathy.

"I think Miss Ogden—perfection. Have you known her long?"

"Oh, we were chums at boarding-school. Later, Commodore Ogden retired from the navy before the age limit, on ac-

independent, and, as you probably know, has been giving English lessons and doing secretarial work for quite a long time now."

"It is greatly to her credit," agreed Barclay warmly. "In all my travels, Mrs. McLane, I have yet to find a race whose women compare with ours."

"If such are your sentiments"—Patterson broke rudely into the conversation, and, for the first time since their interview in the drawing-room, addressed Barclay directly—"why have you expatriated yourself?"

"You are mistaken. I never renounce what I admire and love!" answered Barclay curtly, and turned back to his dinner partner.

There was a brief silence, which Lois made no attempt to break, and Patterson reddened with anger.

"Ever heard how Ogden made his money?" he asked, turning the conversation.

"No, except that Ethel once said he held heavy interests in the Pacific shipping trade with the Far East."

"Humph! Most of the carrying trade between the Pacific Coast and the Orient has been transferred to Japanese steamship lines," remarked Patterson thoughtfully. "I'm afraid he'll find he has made a poor investment, unless—Ever been to Guam?"

"Yes. It is a delightful naval station."

"Quite true; also one of the most strategic points, and, not far away, commanding the entrance of Guam, is Jaluit Island, of the Marshall group, which was seized by the Japanese from the Germans. It is strongly fortified; another Gibraltar, in fact." Patterson spoke with growing earnestness. "If we have interests in the Far East, it is time to take steps to safeguard them, or they will vanish in a night—What is it, Charles?" as the butler stopped at his side.

"A letter for you, sor, came special, sor," and the butler laid a square envelope at his plate.

"Will you pardon me, Mrs. McLane?" Patterson took up the envelope and slit the flap with his fruit knife. "I asked my secretary to send on anything important, as I am expecting"—as he spoke, he jerked at the contents of the envelope, which gave, all at once, and a photograph, face up, shot into Lois' lap. Finding but a slippery resting-place on her silk gown, it would have continued its flight to the floor, had not Barclay's hand retrieved it.

"Yours?" he asked, handing the photograph to her, and Lois was conscious that his voice sounded strained.

"No, it belongs to Mr. Patterson." Lois turned to hand it to its owner, and was startled by his expression. Patterson took the photograph mechanically.

"Smell anything?" he demanded, and Lois drew in a long breath.

"Good heavens!" she ejaculated. "It is—"

"Fire!"

Wheeling spasmodically about, Julian Barclay caught a glimpse of Yoshida Ito's yellow face peering out from inside the portières, and again the cry rang out:

"Fire!"

CHAPTER XV

THERE was a breathless pause as host and guests alike sat stupefied. In the pantry, frightened servants echoed the cry of "Fire," while, from outside, came the hoarse shouts of men, the clang of fire bells, the rush and roar of the arriving engines. Swiftly, the spell in the dining-room was broken, and, bounding to their feet, men and women crowded about Ogden.

"Who closed these folding doors contrary to my distinct orders?" stormed Ogden, tearing apart the portières and tugging at the doors concealed behind them. "Heavens!" He fell back as a volume of smoke drifted through the open doors.

"The smoke is coming downward," cried Barclay. "The fire must be up-stairs," and, darting across the broad hall, he made for the front door and tore it open. In raced firemen, axes and chemical apparatus in hand.

count of illness, and they came to live permanently in Washington. I am devoted to the whole family. Mrs. Ogden is the dearest, most inconsequent human being in the world, and Ethel and her father worship her." Lois came to a breathless pause. "Unfortunately, their income has been curtailed of late years, and Ethel insists on being



"Fire's on the second floor," shouted the foremost fireman. "Get everybody out on the sidewalk," catching sight of the frightened women streaming into the hall.

Outside the house, ladders had been placed, and water turned on the windows through which flames were bursting.

"Oh! oh!" Mrs. Ogden clutched Ethel. "I do believe the fire's in the den. Oh, is there nothing to do?"

"The den!" Ethel studied the position of the flaming windows, and, in the glare, recognized the outlines of familiar furniture inside the burning room. With a smothered exclamation, she started toward the front door. At the bottom step Professor Norcross laid a detaining hand on her scarf, which floated loose as she continued upward, but James Patterson caught up to her in the hall.

"Go back, Ethel," he commanded. "The fire is spreading, and you may be injured."

"I won't," she panted. "Let go, Jim. There is something I must get out of the top drawer of my typewriting-desk; it stands by the door leading into Walter Ogden's bedroom. The fire is in the other part of the room—I can reach my desk."

"I'll go for you," noting her agonized expression. "What is it you want out of your desk?"

MY miniature and a ring," she blurted out, and would have followed Patterson, but a strong hand pushed her back from the staircase. "Please leave, lady," exclaimed one of the firemen, and Ethel, turning reluctantly, protestingly away, saw Patterson bounding up the staircase. A second more and he was lost to sight in the dense smoke.

On the third floor, Julian Barclay hurried swiftly from room to room peering into closets, under beds, then upward, through the servants' quarters, to the attic; but his search was unavailing. Yoshida Ito had vanished into thin air. Reluctantly, he gave up his search, and paused on the landing of the third floor stairs to glance out of the window. In the lurid glare of firelight, he made out the group of shivering women standing well back in the great crowd outside. Judging from the dense volume of smoke rolling through the hall beneath, and the added glare in the street, the firemen had not gained control as quickly as he had imagined they would when he first started on his search for the Japanese.

Barclay continued his way down the staircase with added haste; he had no desire to be caught in a fire-trap. The dense smoke ahead drifted aside for a moment, and he caught sight of a man crouching near the still lighted electric hall lamp. Barclay crooked his finger on the trigger of his revolver, and measured the distance.

Outside in the street, the imperative clang, clang of the gong on a speeding automobile scattered the ever increasing crowd. The Fire Chief had arrived. His appearance in the house was hailed by the crack of a shot, followed by another and another. The firemen in the second story gave back. Bullets were whistling uncomfortably near.

"Mercy!" Walter Ogden, who had been up-stairs with the firemen, turned a ghastly face to the shadowy form nearest him. "The boxes of cartridges which I keep in my desk have ignited."

Firemen had gained admission to the house next door to the Ogdens and, from windows overlooking the fire, a stream of water poured into the burning rooms. Bullets zipping by their ears caused the firemen to drop their hose in consternation, and the men on the ladders likewise ducked out of range.

"Are we to burn up entirely?" groaned Mrs. Ogden, shivering partly from cold and partly from shock. "My beautiful things. Oh, oh, what's that!" and she clutched

Ethel despairingly. "Are they shooting each other in the house?"

Ethel listened to the fusillade in horrified silence, straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of James Patterson among



BARCLAY CROOKED HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER OF HIS REVOLVER, AND MEASURED THE DISTANCE

the men clustered in the Ogdens' entrance hall. He had certainly had plenty of time to secure her miniature and ring and return.

Fear chilled her at the thought that he might have been overcome by the smoke. Why, why had she let him go? She should have recollected that her desk was of metal and supposedly fire-proof. She started nervously as Mrs. Ogden's grasp on her arm tightened.

"Ethel, do tell me what is going on?" she implored distractedly. "There, listen!"

"Heavens, whatever is happening? It sounds like cartridges exploding," gasped Ethel.

"Cartridges?" Mrs. Ogden forgot everything in sudden dismay. "Walter left two boxes of them in his desk—oh, oh!"

"Hush!" Professor Norcross shook her roughly. "I came out to tell you, Mrs. Ogden, that the fire is almost under control, and as soon as the cartridges are all discharged, the firemen will get into the room. There, they are resuming work now."

THE professor proved a true prophet. With the arrival of another engine, and the additional force of water, the firemen quickly stamped out the last spark of fire, and Mrs. Ogden and her guests again gathered in her drawing-room.

The rooms and corridors of the house were still filled with smoke, and Leonard McLane, his eyes smarting, stopped to fling open first one window and then another as he made his way through the house. Turning from the back stairs into the front corridor on the second floor, he stopped abruptly at sight of Julian Barclay bending over a figure stretched on the floor.

Barclay lifted a relieved face as McLane touched him on the shoulder. "I've just found James Patterson," he said. "I fear he is overcome by the smoke," rising to make place for the surgeon. "Is the fire out?"

McLane did not answer at once; as his skilful fingers made swift examination, his expression grew grimmer and grimmer.

[Continued on page 85]

TO WAR WITH HIGH-LIVING COSTS

"Let me suggest also that . . . every housewife who practises strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation. This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance. Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful provident use and expenditure as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism which no one can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring."

—From the proclamation of the President of the United States

THERE is a waste of \$700,000,000 worth of food in the homes of this country every year, the greatest proportion of it being caused by careless handling and improper cooking. The Department of Agriculture lists the five principal causes as: the garbage-pail habit; allowing it to spoil in the home; ruining it by careless cooking; wasting it by careless paring and trimming; serving too much at a meal.

Every bit of uneaten cereal can be used to thicken soups, stews, or gravies.

Left-overs can be reheated or combined with other foods to make palatable and nourishing dishes.

Stale bread can be used as the basis for many attractive meat dishes, hot breads, and desserts.

Every ounce of skimmed milk or whole milk contains valuable nourishment, and can be utilized, even if sour, in a multitude of ways.

Valuable food and flavoring get into the water in which rice and many vegetables are cooked. Use such water for soup making.

The careless paring of potatoes or fruits often wastes as much as twenty per cent. of their food material.

The outside leaves of lettuce and the tops of many vegetables make desirable cooked "greens" or even salads.

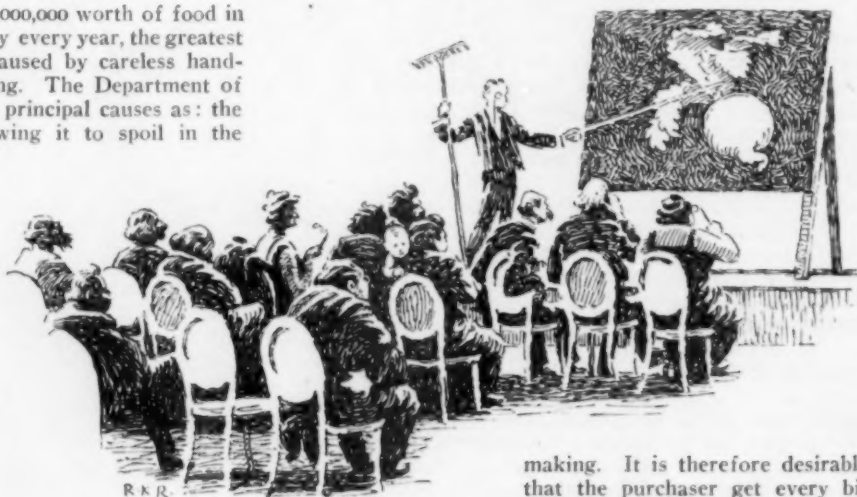
Every bit of meat and fish can be combined with cereals or vegetables for making meat cakes, meat or fish pies.

Every spoonful of left-over gravy can be used in soups and sauces or as flavoring.

Every bit of clean fat trimmed from meat, and every spoonful of grease drippings can be clarified and is valuable in cookery.

When meat is boiled the water dissolves valuable food material and flavoring. Save such water for soups, or for use in stews or gravies. This is an easy economy.

Fats need not be wasted in the household. That which is not clarified and used for culinary purposes may be used for soap-



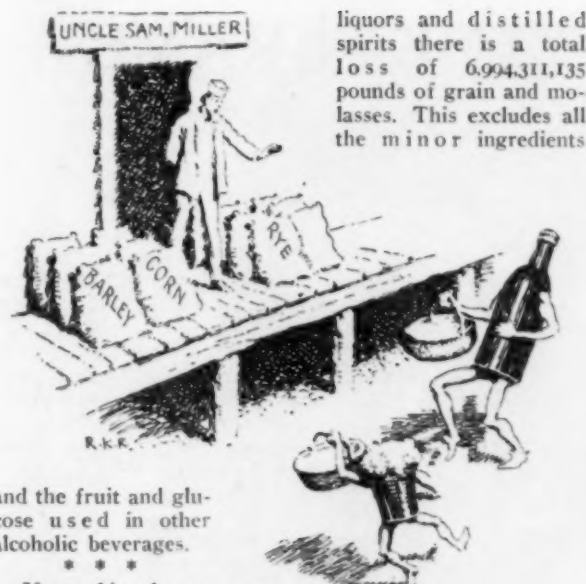
making. It is therefore desirable that the purchaser get every bit of fat she pays for in a particular cut of meat. The pieces of excess

fat trimmed before cooking from roasts, steaks, or chops should be saved as well as the drippings tried out in cooking. Drippings from fresh pork may be used like lard. Sausage, ham and bacon fats may be used for frying and warming up foods. In some parts of the country, fat is used to preserve meats for a limited time. The thoroughly cooked meats are placed in clean earthen jars or wooden tubs, and over them is poured a sufficient quantity of fat lard or beef suet to cover. The hot fat sterilizes the surface of the meat and, on cooling, forms a protection against the bacteria, and so on. Carefully rendered beef suet or mutton tallow may also be used in the place of paraffin.

Fish is the only foodstuff that has not gone up in price during the last quarter of a century. Also, now, with the present efficiency of cold storage plants, any remote inland village can get good fish at any season of the year. Haddock, cod, pollock, hake, cusk and many other fish contain as high a percentage of food value as the same quantity of meat and come at one-fourth the cost. Europe eats many kinds of fish that we do not, merely because we have some prejudice of unknown origin against them. Grayfish, albacore, squid, whiting, swordfish and many other comparatively little known varieties are excellent eating. Instead of one fish day a week, have three and bring down the high cost of living.

Meat bones have long been utilized for soup-making, but it is little known that some bones, particularly if they have a little meat left on them, and are of the rib variety, may be grilled, roasted, or broiled into most palatable dishes. According to an old receipt, beef ribs, or sirloin bones, on which the meat is not too thick in any part, are sprinkled with salt and Cayenne pepper and broiled over a clear fire until browned. There are many such receipts for family use in the records of the Department of Agriculture.

There is wasted in the manufacture of liquors every year enough material to provide energy for about seven million men or nine million women. Combining figures for the manufacture of fermented



liquors and distilled spirits there is a total loss of 6,994,311,135 pounds of grain and molasses. This excludes all the minor ingredients

without sugar. Simply use boiling water in place of the hot syrup. Any fruits may be sterilized and retained in this way.

The State Agricultural Colleges will, upon request, send home economics experts to demonstrate economy and better farm methods to the women of the country.

Eat the products of your own community before you buy staples from growers a thousand miles away, and save transportation costs.

Corn-meal may be put to many uses, and, at present prices, costs about half as much per pound as wheat flour, one-third as much as rolled oats, one-fourth as much as rolled wheat, and about half as much as baked rice. Corn-meal, in any proportion as high as twenty-five per cent. of the entire amount of flour needed, may be combined with wheat flour to produce a palatable and wholesome loaf of bread.

Dried cow-peas furnish more protein and energy per pound than any other legumes, and nearly the same amount of energy as wheat flour. They make an especially delicious soup.

Careful buyers will find that they can obtain mutton and lamb much lower by buying hind quarters or half carcasses instead of chops and roasts separately by the pound. In the case of a hind quarter, the chops can be cut off and served for one meal and the roast will serve for another meal. Where a half carcass is bought, in addition to the chops and roasts, the family will have a forequarter and meat for stewing. The sheep purchased in this way is small enough to be kept in the ordinary refrigerator.

Skim milk may be used for making cottage cheese, which is a delicious and nourishing food, and can be used as a partial substitute for meat. The dairy specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture have prepared a simple receipt which any housewife could follow satisfactorily.

If each one of the country's 20,000,000 homes wastes on an average only one slice of bread a day, the country is throwing away daily over 14,000,000 ounces of flour—over 875,000 pounds, or enough flour for over a million one-pound loaves a day. For a full year at this rate there would be a waste of over 319,000,000 pounds of flour—1,500,000 barrels of flour—enough to make 365,000,000 loaves.

Editor's Note.—The Department of Agriculture at Washington stands ready to help you with practical information on every home problem. Write them for list of free bulletins. Let us also help you with your fight against the high cost of living. Write us for economical receipts, left-over meat receipts, fish receipts, suggestions for menus that will fit your income.

and the fruit and glucose used in other alcoholic beverages.

Use a fireless-cooker and save fuel. The Department of Agriculture will supply directions for making one at home if you cannot afford to buy one.

Every glass bottle in the household—especially wide-mouthed ones—should be carefully hoarded, since there threatens to be a shortage of preserving jars and cans. Fruits, preserves, jellies, jams, and fruit juices can be kept perfectly in these improvised containers, and, with the use of paper and paraffin, even ordinary drinking glasses will preserve jellies and jams. Tin cans and the usual fruit jars must be reserved for vegetables, soups, and meats, since these foods cannot be packed in bottles. Large tin canisters or tin cans with removable covers, provided the body of the container is air- and water-tight, will be found useful in canning certain fruit products. Such containers may be sterilized and their covers sealed with solder. Dry and evaporate all your apples, pumpkin and squash.

To save doctor's bills in the household, it is necessary to combine in menus foods which contain the necessary nutritive elements for the body. The five groups of nourishing elements which must be included in the diet are:

- 1.—Foods depended upon for mineral matter, vegetable acids, and body-regulating substances, such as fruits and succulent vegetables.
- 2.—Foods depended upon for protein, such as milk, eggs, meat and dried legumes.
- 3.—Food depended upon for starch, such as cereal breakfast foods, flours, meals, and foods made from them.
- 4.—Foods depended upon for sugar, such as sugar, molasses, syrups, honey, jams, thick preserves, dried fruits, sweet cakes, and desserts.
- 5.—Foods depended upon for fat, such as butter, cream, salad oil and other table fats, lard, suet, and other cooking fats and oils, salt pork and bacon.

All these groups need not be represented at every meal, but in considering the diet, day by day, and week in and week out, the properties should be evenly apportioned.

By milling our wheat so as to make eighty-one per cent. of the kernel into flour, instead of seventy-three per cent. as at present, our breadstuff supply could be increased by one-twelfth, or eighteen million barrels of flour a year. This flour would be as highly nutritious as that which we use now.

While the use of sugar is preferable in the canning of fruits, and brings better results so far as flavor, texture, and color are concerned, they may be put up successfully



THE MAN IN THE FRAME

By ELIZABETH IRONS FOLSOM

Illustrated by C. CLYDE SQUIRES



THE yearly returning of the roses struck the highlights in Angela's gray life. They lasted two weeks, and those weeks were set apart as sacred to the memory of Jasper Lowe. It had been so for twenty-five years.

There was a half circle of old-fashioned rose bushes curving between Angela's front door and her gate. Their first crimson offering had been bobbing alluringly the morning he stopped at the gate to bid her good-by. They were to be married in a week, and he was going to the city just for the day.

They had planned their wedding for the rose season, and that morning he said: "They will not be gone, will they? See, there is one now."

She picked the rose and fastened it in his button-hole, across the pickets. "This is the first," she murmured, "it is yours. But they are all yours," she finished, blushing.

Jasper Lowe never came back. He was never heard from. He had dropped from sight, and weeks of search and inquiry brought nothing. The roses flushed into bloom, stayed on the bushes, withered, and died there. Angela's wedding finery was put away, and Angela herself, stunned into silence and whiteness, went about her little house alone.

Summer came again. The morning she saw the first rose in the circle gaily flaunting its beauty, she ran into the house and locked the door. Hours later she came out, cut the rose, carried it into the house, and laid it down before the portrait of Jasper that stood on her parlor mantel. Each day, thereafter, she cut the biggest and best and offered it thus. No other rose was ever gathered from that circle. They drooped and died there.

And Angela went further than that—she gave those weeks absolutely to Jasper Lowe. The shades at the windows were half lowered; she received no guests; she made no visits; she dressed herself in her daintiest gowns and stayed alone with him as she might have done if she had been a bride. The villagers recognized her meaning with the suddenness born of long knowledge of each other's affairs. They fell into the spirit absolutely, and she was held apart and invested with romance and sanctuary during those days.

ON the twenty-fifth anniversary of Jasper's going to the city, Angela opened her front door and stood for a moment in the glow of the early June sunshine.

She was slight and straight. The years that she had mourned for Jasper Lowe had fenced back time. They had left untouched her gentle innocence, her fair placidity. It was as if some painstaking artist had spread all over Angela a pale drab wash. The early pink and white of her flesh, the early glow in her hair was not gone—it was just dimmed. One still saw her youth behind the blur.

She came down the steps to the bushes. The postman leaned over the gate. He knew that it was one of Angela's sacred visits to the front yard and no time for words; he only touched his cap and silently handed her two letters.

She took them with a little frown, and did not think of them again until she left the parlor mantel after her lonely ceremony, and was ready to take up the slight routine of her day.

She sat down in a chair by the window and opened the first letter. Slowly and calmly she read:

"DEAR—If you are alive, you are still that to me. I wonder if I am still that to you? If I am, will you write and say so and let me see you and tell you something? Or have you forgotten
JASPER."

She read it, not understanding, and it was only after the second reading that she cried aloud; that she ran to the picture and crowded it close against her soft bosom and then went on her knees in front of the big chair and laid her face against the pictured one.

Angela did not bear her great happiness alone for any longer than it took her to summon those who had known her all her life. The letter was passed from hand to hand; there was wonder, laughter, exclamation, speculation, and the center of it all was Angela with her youth slipped through the blur, gleaming and glowing. She was like a girl, with shining eyes and fast-beating heart.

"Oh, Jasper, dear, dear—come."

That was all she wrote. She could not think of anything more to say. It was so shakily written that she had to try it over; the second attempt was no better. "He will think I am an old woman," she laughed.

That night, after her letter had gone, Angela, sitting for the first time alone on her front steps, called to Philip before he reached her gate.

"I was coming in anyway," he said, taking her hand. "I have just heard. God bless you, my dear."

"SIT down," she said, making room for him. "Philip, I thought of you when they were all around me this morning reading the letter. I wished that you had been here, too; you have been so good to me all these years. You have been to see me—"

"Was that being good to you? I think that was being good to myself."

She went on. "You have seemed to understand. We have grown old—for we really are old, you know—together. You have known all my thoughts; you have helped me bear my sorrow. I would have liked you here when I was happiest. But you have not seen the letter—" She took it from the front of her gown with a blush. It was crumpled with much handling.

Philip read it slowly and gave it back. "Bless you, Angela," he said again.

"I cannot hear from him to-morrow, Philip, but I can hear the next day. Do you suppose I can wait? How does one get past such long hours? Do you suppose I am happier now because of the years of sorrow? Do you suppose I shall be forever happier because of that? Will there be compensation for what I have been through? I am sure I would not have been as happy if I had married Jasper twenty-five years ago. I did not know what happiness could be then, or what a rare thing it is. I would have just taken it and not understood. Now I shall know."

He did not answer, and she looked sharply at him. He patted her hand and laughed.

"Yes, I am jealous, Angela, deadly jealous. I am wondering what is going to become of our reading together in the winter, and our walks together in the summer. I am wondering how I shall put in the time I have spent with you. We'll never even finish the book we are reading now or go again to the falls—Angela, tell me. Have you been unhappy all the time? Tell me."

She looked at him vaguely. "I must have been, mustn't I? But you have been goodness itself. You have understood me in a wonderful way. You have been perfect; but just to-day I have learned what happiness is. It is something very different from content. It is a strange, wild thing, Philip, quite strange, it chokes—I don't suppose you have ever known. I wonder if you ever will?"

"I think I never will. But you can tell me about yours. I dare say that will help some. But I am going to miss you."

There is going to be a hole in my world." Then, suddenly, "I'm a beast, Angela, to think of myself. Let's forget it. Will he write or just come? I think I should just come."

I HADN'T thought of that. Do you suppose he will come instead of writing?" she cried with the color running over her face and throat, and her eyes shining.

Philip threw away the long grass stem he had been twisting in his fingers. "Take my word for it, he'll come, Angela. He won't write. He'll be here."

But as quickly as a letter could, one arrived. It was long, and she read it over many times, a little puzzled. It said Jasper dreaded the return to his old home. She thought, as she read, that she would not show this letter, for it spoke of the old friends as "curious." It was full of love for her. It pleaded with her to "just pack up some few things" and come over to Morton, thirty miles away, and be married there at once, just among strangers. "Let me have my wife alone," Jasper wrote. "I want to talk to you alone, to let you know all that has happened to me, alone. You see what I mean, dear. Let us be by ourselves until I have told you." Angela was sure that she understood.

DRESSING her for the journey was as the dressing of a bride should be. She did not miss that experience when she was hooked into the dark-blue gown that had been bought, in indifferent spinsterhood, but recently. She palpitated, and flushed, and the pinkness of her cheeks matched the wreath on her blue hat. But Jasper had been so entirely a part of her daily routine, so intimately a member of her household, that she made ready to join him



"SHALL WE LEAVE IT THAT WAY, THEN—THAT YOU FOUND YOU PREFERRED ME?" HE ASKED

with the confidence, the familiarity of her youth.

It seemed to Angela that the thirty miles effaced themselves instantly. The words of parting and good cheer were still in her ears when she knew it was time to alight and meet Jasper.

He was at the foot of the steps. There was no question about his eagerness. He looked so like his portrait, that the first thing she said in rather unsteady voice was: "You have not grown old, either."

HE laughed aloud, embarrassment in the tone. "Either!" You conceited little scamp! Somebody has been telling you that you don't look thirty. Confess now, Angela. Who is it?"

He was taking her satchel, appropriating her elbow, and guiding her across the station platform.

"We'll walk right over to this little hotel. I've been there for two days. They know we are going to be married."

Angela had seen the town before only as a moving vision from the train. She seemed far away from home, and much taken care of; for there was confidence in the way Jasper moved; in his tone to the servants; in his statement of what she would need. He seemed to know very well how to do everything. It was nice, she thought.

He took her out on a little balcony from the first floor of the hotel. It was tiny—just a table and a couple of chairs, and he put her into one, sat down in the other, and leaned over the table toward her. "Well, Angela," he said.

She had then her first chance to see him closely. There were a lot of little lines streaking themselves about his eyes. The eyes looked tired, with hollows about them. But they were smiling at her and she liked them. There were streaking lines, too, about his mouth; his hair was

thin, quite white about the temples. His face was flushing as he leaned across and said: "Well, Angela."

It seemed to her that she was at the center of the world—alone in that tiny place with Jasper so like his picture—with the old love in his voice that she had never forgotten—a Jasper touched by time's careless fingers—with a humor in his eyes that she remembered. The absolute fullness and completeness of life seized her; she closed her eyes to hold unshaken that moment of complete content. Then Jasper touched her hand. "You saint," he said; "you look like a Botticelli saint, Angela. You are just as I have remembered you. What have you been doing all these years?"

"Nothing. Just waiting—"

He took away his hand from hers. "I wonder that I dare touch you. You are far away and beyond my ken. First, now—right from the shoulder—I disappeared because I married a girl that I did not want to marry."

She stared at him, her lips apart.

"There was a reason—" He said it slowly, looking hard at her.

She looked at him with wide-opened eyes that were innocent, with the vague wistfulness of a child who listens to something beyond its understanding.

HE rose and walked back and forth the three steps that the balcony offered. "Is it necessary that I go into details," he asked gently. "She died two years ago, and, just as soon as I could, I came to you. Will not that do—that I wanted you as soon as I could get you? Will not that do without the details of it all?"

"Oh," said Angela. "Oh."

"You don't want to know anything more about her, do you?" he persisted. She shook her head.

He took the width of the balcony twice again before he said: "Let it be a part of the past. We begin a new life, dear. I could not come for you until I did—and I am here now and there is a lot of life left yet."

She did not answer, and he hurried on, his words tumbling over each other.

"Lots of life left for us yet. I am tired of the kind I have known. You are tired of your old, dull one. We will find happiness together. I am not good enough for you, but I want you—you've always belonged to me anyhow." He turned her face up and kissed her on the lips.

Instantly, she tore herself away. "Oh," she cried, and recoiled. He saw the startled look, and touched the point of her chin with his finger.

"Don't be afraid of kisses, little girl." He sat down again and ran his fingers through his hair. "Angela," he said, quietly, "I've got a corking good home to take you to, and I'll show you a family worth while—a boy and a girl."

She gasped as she listened. He talked on about his home, his son, his interests. He told her of his business, how he had made money, had traveled, was able now to give her anything, to take her anywhere. Through the sound of his voice, Angela's brain held to one word, and her consciousness beat on that one word insistently: "Family, family," it pounded. It carried behind it a train of the unknown—a vast enveloping blur of the inconceivable. Jasper—and a family! A boy and a girl! He had said so!

She talked very little, and the color sank from her face as she listened to him. It was all so far away from her knowledge, these wanderings about the world, these wide interests.

He understood, in a partial way, that she was disturbed, that he was talking of what were foreign things to her. And he tried to make her talk; to draw from her something of what she had been doing through the lifetime that had separated them.

But Angela did not want to talk much. She stared out over the stretch of green grass that ran away to a boundary of thick wood, above which masses of cottony clouds were grouping themselves. She cast swift glances at Jasper, smiled a little and flushed at his tender words. He was very gentle, and did not touch her again.

He went away for a few minutes and came back looking ruffled as to temper. "Dear," he said, "I find that the minister whom I have asked to marry us has been called into the country to a sick man. It is uncertain when he gets back. We ought to have gone to his house before we came here and had it all over. The woman at the hotel says he may not be back until morning—"

"Oh, that will be better," said Angela.

Jasper Lowe looked at her. He whistled softly.

"We'll have our supper out here, Angela. Let's walk a bit until it's ready."

It was pleasant walking through the shaded streets, and watching the sun go down. Jasper did not talk about anything disturbing. He went back to the old days, to the people both had known, to incidents both remembered. And Angela felt the certainty of happiness again.

Their supper table was spread on the balcony. Angela ate little, and was silent. There were chops, and she picked at hers while Jasper ate three—ate many things.

She chilled and watched him. There were little splotches about his forehead; there were veins in his neck that throbbed—she could see them. Down in the office, a piano struck up and a girl's voice sang something to which Jasper thrummed accompaniment on the table. He must take her to the places where they made such things go. "You need to be shaken up a bit, Angela," he said.

After supper, they sat on the balcony and he asked more questions about the people they had both known. He spoke of Philip. She caught at the name as at something familiar. "He has been good to me. More so than any one else," she said.

Jasper scanned her face, leaning near to do it. "Did he want to marry you?"

"No. Oh, no! We are just friends. We just read together and talk over things."

"What did you read?"

"Oh, Browning and Kingsley and—"

JASPER threw back his head, and his laugh was fondly teasing. "Oh, Angela, Angela! How you do need to be shaken up. Fancy reading Kingsley to you for twenty years. Oh, he must have kissed you. Come, now—hasn't he?"

She shrank from his close question. "Never, never," she protested.

Before they parted for the night, he said seriously, "My dear, you have lost much. You have not lived—you have merely existed in that old, dull place. I'll do my best to make you see life. You shall have a whirl at it. I know. I've seen and done. I'll take you where you can live. Good night, dear," he said to her at her door. "I am in the room above, if you are afraid. Good night, little Botticelli saint."

Angela closed the door, locked it, and stood in the center of the floor listening. She heard his heavy step up the stairs. She listened. She heard him walk across and across the room above hers; she heard him throw open the window with a crash; she heard the strains of a shrill whistle. Silence for a minute, and she still stood. Then a thud above her head—another—shoes!

She crushed her hands over her mouth, ran to the window, and flattened herself tightly against the frame.

Could she bear it? A world of ashes scattered and smelling strangely—of heavy shoes that jarred when they fell?

Up-stairs, Jasper Lowe lit a last cigar. "A saint. How shall I like living with a saint, I wonder."

Angela did not undress. When she unclasped her hands from her lips, it was to sit down close to the open window in a small huddle; to look out over the roofs of the town to where the clouds that had been gathering in lightness all day were massing and flashing pale promises of storm.

It seemed to her that she was facing a sudden and fearful situation, out of which she must think a way quickly—quickly, for some nights are short.

[Continued on page 80]

FROM THE AGRICULTURAL FRONT

BY A YOUNG ENGLISH GIRL

Editor's Note.—These are significant letters from an English girl of nineteen who left school last summer to do a man's work on a farm in order to help her country



DEAR M.—I did not have time to write to you while I was at college at Scale Hayne; the life there was so strenuous.

You know, I started in on the second of October, and I just loved the work. There were thirteen of us, and we all got on exceptionally well together. We began work at six-thirty and milked, or attended to the sheep or poultry until eight o'clock. Then we had breakfast, and from nine-fifteen till dinner at one, we did yard- or field-work. Yard-work means cleaning out the cow and calf sheds, and the pigsties, and digging out the dung in the yard. Field-work means potato digging and picking, hoeing, cutting thistles, dock lifting, winnowing, and pickling wheat. We did heaps of this sort of work, but digging trenches for irrigating fields, milking, and separating milk, cheese- and butter-making, too, were important parts of our work. We learned the use of different tools, and harnessing and unharnessing cart horses and grooming became quite matter-of-fact with all of us. We got quite a lot of knowledge in the short time we were there, didn't we?

In the afternoon, we worked from two to five, and then were free; but, although it is not as hard work as I am doing now, it did seem like very strenuous work at the time. The instructors—men and women—were very nice and quite pleased with us; they told us we were the best batch of workers they had ever had. We were so sorry when the month came to an end, but most of us had posts offered us.

I came to my present position straight from the college. Mrs. A., the wife of my employer, came to get me there. They have a lovely old house and a farm of two hundred and fifty acres, but have been very hard hit by the war and cannot get any men to work for them. There are only two men who are physically fit, and four women, counting myself. One girl who was trained at Scale Hayne, but not with me, is very jolly. We live in a house with the A.'s, and have very comfortable quarters. The work, of course, is awfully hard, and it is not lightened for us because we are women.

I work all alone, as I am doing all the carting for the stock. It takes me all day, from seven A. M. until five P. M. to make any noticeable headway. The cows, bullocks, calves, sheep, all have to be fed, and then I have to do a lot of hurdle-hauling for sheepfolds and have loads of straw and bracken to take all over the place. Also, there are mangolds and potatoes to get in; oh, heaps of other loads, too. I am up and down the fields all day long. Then, when I come home from the fields, I have five or six lambs in one of the stable boxes set aside as a hospital, and they have to be carefully looked after. I clean them early in the morning, and again at night, and I have to dose them frequently. They are perfectly awful to dose, too. I have to hold them in between my knees and one of them

has had to have her feet poulticed every day—which is especially disagreeable, since they are such horribly smelly creatures. If I happen to have any time when I finish carting, I go and help in the fields where the others are picking potatoes or pulling mangolds. Of course, now I always harness and unharness my horse alone. With trucking animals, this is very heavy work.

The weather has been awfully cold, and with the early morning frosts, it is terribly hard to turn out at first. My hands get so cold sometimes, when I am picking turnips early in the morning, I feel like crying out. But I am getting on all right, and it seems to me that infinitely more women ought to be made to work on the farms. They are wanted frightfully, and farmers are having awfully bad times because foodstuffs are all so much more expensive. Some of the cake that the cows and sheep have to be fed is more than twice its original price.

DEAR M.—You will be interested to know what I wear for this work. Ever since I started in, I've worn khaki cotton overalls to my knees, boots, and leather gaiters, and a coat over all, the same length; but nearly always, when I am working, I slip off my coat and yet keep beautifully warm. It's such a comfortable costume that I never want to wear long skirts again. In this part of the world, we have the most awful winds; in fact, some days we almost get blown away, up into the fields, as the house and farm are in a hollow, and the fields on steep hillsides all around. I wear an oilskin mackintosh and gaiters in wet weather, and could not get along without them, since we have so much rain.

This last week, we have been very busy picking over potatoes. First of all, about a month ago, they were all ploughed up and put into a cave covered with straw; then, last week, we had to pick over these potatoes, fifteen tons in all, putting the good in sacks, the seed potatoes in other sacks, and the bad in still others. There were heaps of rotten ones, too, after being kept all that time. We worked at the beastly things all day long, out in the field, in horrid, cold winds. Then they were all carted to the barn, and emptied out. This was Thursday. Friday and Saturday we had to put them all into sacks again, and look them all over once more. We finished with them last night, all except weighing them out, as to-morrow they are all going off on a barge which is coming up the creek, and will have to be loaded during one turn of the tide.

So we shall have a very busy morning carting these potato sacks and also heaps of corn sacks. Truthfully, I shall be glad to see the end of them.

I did not have time to finish my letter to you the other day, but all our rush with the potatoes was useless, as the barge never came. We have been doing some very interesting

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ROOMS reflect personalities, and walls should be finished with the deliberate intention of creating the

mood and atmosphere we wish to build upon, leaving the more articulate and interpretive rôles to furniture and hangings. Before deciding upon definite methods of finishing, however, there are many questions to be considered. First, do you wish to make your walls so beautiful in themselves that further ornamentation would be almost a sacrilege, or must they be frankly backgrounds, and so incomplete that their very completion depends upon the lovely things placed upon and before them? The former plan requires generous expenditures and presupposes luxurious surroundings; the alternative result may be achieved in any home where choice is governed by taste, even though the amount of money to be expended is comparatively small.

MAKING a wall beautiful in itself by no means necessitates over-elaboration. A wall paneled in dignified and satisfying proportions, and painted in French gray, ivory, cream or old-buff, with panel moldings a tone darker than the walls, and perhaps an oil or tapestry inset over mantel or buffet, is as beautiful as a picture, and yet need not necessarily detract from the furnishings of the room. Because of its richness, however, if it is to remain a background instead

PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL THE TREATMENT OF WALLS

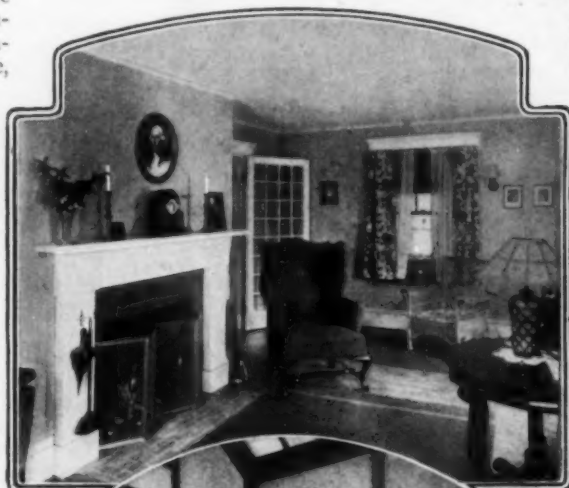
By CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS

of becoming the chief feature of the room, it demands furniture and hangings that will, in a measure,

overshadow it. Although elegant in itself, it must still support elegance.

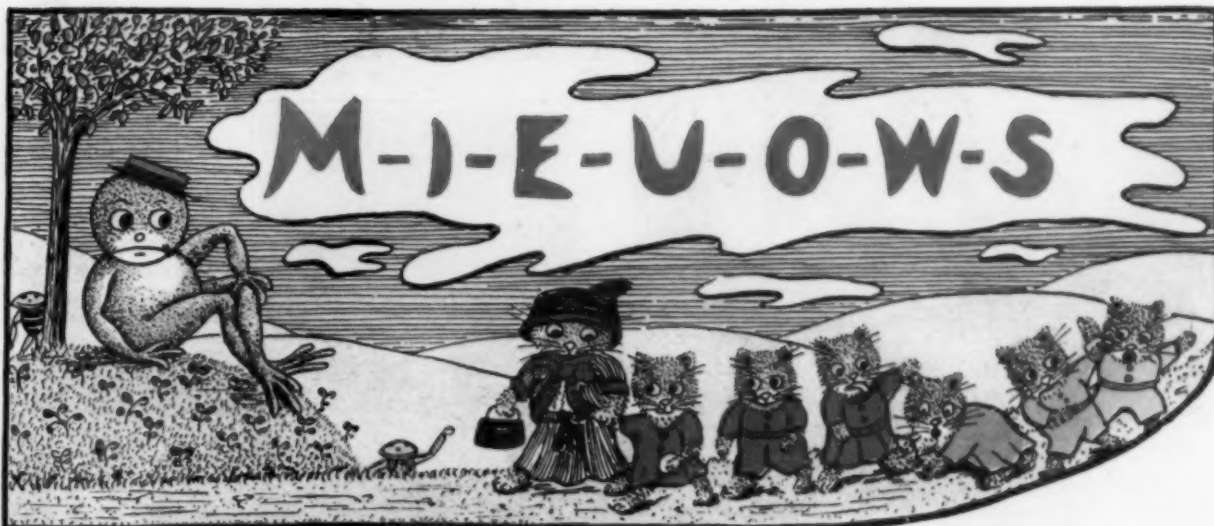
Of all wall treatments, painting and paneling are perhaps the most expensive because of the expert workmanship their perfection demands. A poorly painted wall is never a decoration. Then, too, the process usually includes stretching decorator's canvas over the plaster. The paint is applied to the canvas. This method has two points to recommend it: the fabric produces a richer painted surface than bare plaster, and also remains unmarred if the plaster beneath cracks. Painted walls, especially in the lighter tints, are apt to make a room formal. While this is a good atmosphere for drawing- and dining-rooms, the living-room and library are more homy if rich hues are blended together and paneled with strips of stained wood.

In response to the demand for painted walls by people who cannot afford them, many of the wall-paper manufacturers are making paper to imitate the soft, flat surfaces of walls thus treated. These papers are called brush tints, and cost only about thirty cents a roll. They come in various colors and shades, from the most delicate tints to the darkest antique bronzes. The panels are made of



THE WALLS OF TWO WIDELY DIFFERENT LIVING-ROOMS

[Continued on page 70]



FREDERICK WHITE

ONE beautiful morning the Bingle
Was busily watching the view;
For, being a Bingle, and single,
He really had nothing to do.

Mrs. Cat, going shopping for mittens,
Dropped in to find out if he could
Keep an eye on her dear little kittens,
And he said that he could and he would.

She thanked him "so much" for his kindness,
And gratefully hastened away,
And the Bingle, with bachelor blindness,
Began with the children to play.

They played and they romped and they scurried,
They scratched and they yowled and they fought,
Till the Bingle was worn out and worried,
And, finally, quite overwrought.

But, being a Bingle, and single,
And cordially hating a fuss,
He whistled "dum-diddle-de-diddle"
And eased himself out of the muss.

MORAL FOR MOTHERS

If you would go shopping for mittens,
Prepare for the outcome ahead
By spanking your children—or kittens—
And seeing them safely in bed.

AMERICA'S

A GLIMPSE
INTO GREEN-
WICH VILLAGEText by
MARTHA GROSSMAN

THERE ARE RESTAURANTS A-PLenty, IN GREENWICH TOWN. ONE FINDS THEM UP-STAIRS AND DOWN, LITTLE AND BIG, EVERYWHERE. THIS GATHERING PLACE IN THE META-MORPHOSED PARLORS OF AN OLD HOUSE IS ESPECIALLY POPULAR WITH THE VILLAGE INHABITANTS.

DOGS ARE THE FAVORITE MODELS OF MISS PERSIS KIRMSE, AN ENGLISH PAINTER, NOW A MEMBER OF GREENWICH COLONY. THE MODEL WITH HER (PHOTOGRAPH ON UPPER RIGHT) WANTS TO MAKE FRIENDS. "WELCOME TO OUR CITY" HE ISSAYS



IN the days when New York was Nieu Amsterdam, quaint old Greenwich Village,

situated a few miles from Wall Street, was surrounded by fragrant fields, and through it ran the swift waters of the Minetta Stream. The village was made up mostly of little red-thatched dwelling-places, with lovely gardens everywhere, and fruit-bearing trees in abundance. And the woods were full of wild fowl. When the summer time came, whole families packed up and left for Greenwich Town; or, when the burdens of the city became too great, Peter Van Varick simply bundled his wife, and Lisbet and Annetje, the daughters, into a shay, and set forth, by way of Bouwerie Lane, for a vacation there.

Many years ago, however, Minetta Stream went singing on its way for the last time, and cobblestones and city posts predominated over sod and trees. It seemed the quaint little village was to become nothing more than an inconspicuous section of a great metropolis. But when artists, writers, musicians, and other followers of the arts happened upon its



WHEN THE MAN TO PAINT HER SHOP DID NOT APPEAR, MISS CHARLOTTE POWELL CARRIED OUT THE CONTRACT HERSELF



MISS FLORENCE GOUGH'S SHOP WAS ORIGINALLY A STABLE; BUT NOW THE STALLS, NEWLY PAINTED AND ADORNED, ARE OCCUPIED BY QUEER MANIKINS WHO SHOW OFF HATS AND SMOCKS WITH FIFTH AVENUE ASSURANCE



NEAR THE FIREPLACE,

AT THE MAD HATTER'S

BOHEMIA

A PICTURESQUE
SPOT IN NEW
YORK CITY

Photographs collected by
AMY BARRINGTON



little low-roofed
houses, its funny
old stables, its gar-
den plots and trees,
its crooked streets,
they immediately

adopted it as their own. The prosaic business and residence blocks of the great city crowded about it, but Greenwich Village held to its particular philosophy of life.

Even the corner cobbler, and the greengrocer, who keeps his shop beneath the studio of a prominent illustrator, like to feel that they are part of this community, where spirit, and gaiety, and good-fellowship are only out-balanced by the earnest work that is done, and the success that is achieved. And particularly when fortune turns against their pet poet or cartoonist, they prove just how much a part of the community they are!

As soon as there were no more of the little houses left to go round, one after another of the stables were transformed into livable studios; such livable ones, in fact, that their tenants, equally wielders of the brush and pen, are now paying some of the highest rents in the city. Which must mean that genius outburns the electricity in these queer habitations!

In Green-
wich Village,
no one, wheth-
er prosperous
or poor, is
ever lonely.

[Con. on p. 32]



THERE ARE ATTRACTIVE GIFT SHOPS IN GREEN-
WICH WHERE A LARGE PORTION OF THE
POPULATION LIES, NOT ONLY TO PURCHASE,
BUT TO TALK OVER ITS WORK AND THE IM-
PORTANT TOPICS OF THE DAY. FROM EARLY
MORN TO MIDNIGHT THEY COME, FOLLOWERS
OF MANY AN ART, REPRESENTATIVES OF MANY
RACES, SUCCESSFUL AND UNSUCCESSFUL, ALL
GOOD FELLOWS TOGETHER, AND EAGER TO HELP
ONE ANOTHER IN EVERY POSSIBLE WAY. THE
SHOPKEEPERS, MANY OF THEM ARTISTS THEM-
SELVES, FALL WHOLLY INTO THE SPIRIT OF
THIS VILLAGE CUSTOM AND ENCOURAGE IT. TO
THE LEFT IS THE JOLIN SHOP, KEPT BY TWO
SISTERS; ABOVE, THE TREASURE BOX, WITH ITS
DESTINIES CAREFULLY GUIDED BY TWO MEN



MR. AND MRS. ZORACH HAVE ONE
OF THE MOST INTERESTING STUDIOS
IN THE VILLAGE. MR. ZORACH
PAINTS PICTURES ON CANVAS, AND
MRS. ZORACH (ABOVE) CREATES
THEM IN RUGS AND QUILTS. MANY
OF MRS. ZORACH'S PROSPEROUS
NEIGHBORS HAVE ADORNED THEIR
STUDIOS WITH HER HANDIWORK

THE PIRATES YOU SEE RUNNING
ALONG THE WALL OF THE BUILD-
ING TO THE LEFT HAVE NEVER
BEEN KNOWN TO STEAL ANYTHING
FROM EITHER THE TREASURE BOX
OR THE SHOP NEXT DOOR. THEY
ARE FRIENDLY PIRATES, AND PER-
FECTLY HONEST ONES

HATS FOR EARLY SUMMER

By EVELYN TOBEY, Head of the Millinery Department of Columbia University

Illustrated by MARGUERITE and NATALIE GOUBERT



BY the time the early summer days make their appearance, the average woman is usually so weary of her various pre-Easter bonnets, and even of the special Easter one itself, that she is ready to grasp at any variations the shops will offer her. Other years, at this particular season, three sports and Panama hats were being exhibited, in the smart millinery establishments, to every one of the tailored or afternoon kind. But this year, certainly, the tables are turned, and the smartest kind of hats of the latter variety—with actually a spring freshness and charm to them—are being displayed wherever new modes in headgear are born.

While hosts of fashionable women demand something brand new in a bonnet as soon as the joy of early summer is in the air, there are infinitely more women who are obliged to make a change because their stock-in-trade has become shabby or faded. It occurred to me, in a flash, that figure one would lend itself, with equal satisfaction, to either the dictates of extravagance or economy.

When I first saw this model (Fig. 1), so striking in its originality, it had not even reached the public gaze; the little French milliner was just fastening little dahlias, in shades of burnt-orange ribbon, to the front of her otherwise finished creation. The foundation of the hat was molded of brown Milan-hemp straw, and the trimming—which is its feature—was of brown grosgrain ribbon, in a three-inch width. The ribbon was folded to make strips with pointed ends. One set had been arranged against the side-crown, with the points extending boldly up over the tip of the crown, and the other set lay flat on the brim, with the points advancing out over the edge. This original application of the ribbon, by the way, was what suggested to me such possibilities for freshening up an old hat!

IN the process of construction, in the very same work-room, I saw a model which was to be identical with Figure 4. White and black—supreme, in their popularity to-day, in costume and headgear—were to be the combination of this original hat. The top of the brim, and the top of the side-crown were already complete, in white Milan-hemp, and the facing of the brim and the side-crown, according to the design, were to be of black mirrored velvet. At the time, no trimming had been decided upon, but one

need only wait expectantly, without any qualms, for anything Madame K. sends forth. When the completed hat—equally a tailored and a dressy model—finally appeared on display, it bore, as a trimming, two bunches of grapes and a bit of fruit, artistically arranged and placed exactly in front of the side-crown. And how do you suppose the white-satin grape cluster was evolved? It proved to be nothing more than a graceful combination of button-molds, which had been deftly covered with white satin. And the bit of fruit in between—an "apple," I suppose one could call it—was the simplest thing imaginable, made distinctive by the small spider-web of black rope silk woven in the center, on the background of white. Needless to say, any of an endless array of color combinations could be applied, with equal satisfaction, on such a hat.

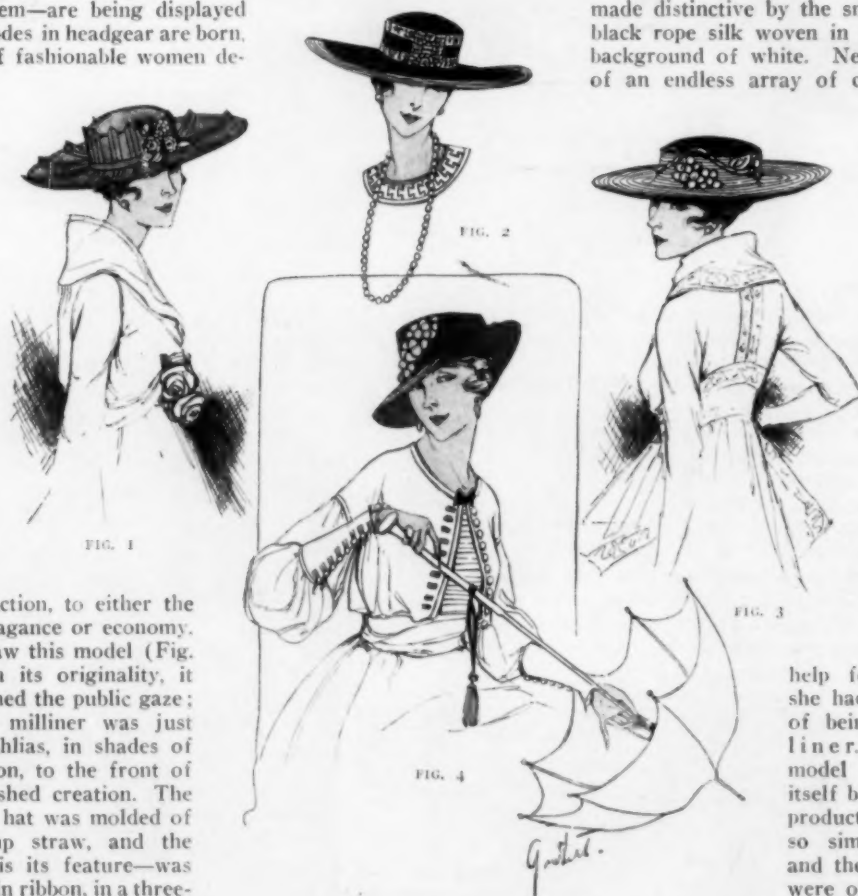
I stood near an attractively gowned woman the other day, as she bought a hat identical with Fig. 2. She looked like a woman who had more money to spend for one hat than most of us have for half a dozen, but, somehow, I could not

help feeling sorry that she had to miss the joy of being her own milliner. This particular model would have lent itself beautifully to home production, since it was so simple. The crown and the top of the brim were of delft-blue satin. Straw appeared as the

facing of the brim, and extended for about one inch on to the top side. The trimming consisted merely of two bands of Persian ribbon, with many colors gamboling on a black background, which were placed around the top and the base of the side-crown. At the center of the crown, in front, running straight up and down, was a strip of braid, and at each side were two pleatings of the gay-colored ribbon. As a finishing touch, and in order to make the trimming even more interesting, little button molds covered with the ribbon were arranged in a straight line on the straw strip.

I have reserved for the last what I consider quite the smartest hat, from point of view of shape and development, that I have seen for early summer wear. I first saw it worn by a woman in a fluffy afternoon gown, and it occurred to me how well this very same model would adapt

[Concluded on page 35]



RESPONDING TO THE COUNTRY'S CALL

The Nurse Fitted with Her Uniform and Apron

Overalls and a Dress For Outdoor Workers



For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 46

JULY BRINGS THESE VERY SMART DESIGNS



GINGHAMS HONORED WITH SHEER STUFFS



Dress 7391

Dress 7640

7391

7640

7605-7627

7577

7229

Blouse 7577
Skirt 7229

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 46

MORE OR LESS INFORMAL
BUT WHOLLY UP-TO-
DATE FROCKS



Blouse 7591
Skirt 7356



Dress 7063

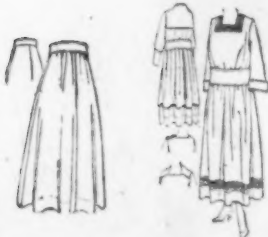


Dress 7677

Dress 7633



7591



7356

7677



7063



7633

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

THE NEW CAPE-COAT GOES WITH ALMOST ANY TYPE OF SUMMER DRESS



Dress 7729
Transfer Design No. 830



Waist 7745
Skirt 7825



Dress 7841

Cape-Coat 7859



7729



7745-7825



7841



7859

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

A GARDEN SMOCK AND A COAT BLOUSE



Smock 6639
Transfer Design No. 680

NO. 6639, LADIES' AND MISSES' OR MEN'S GARDEN SMOCK. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust or breast (15 cents). Medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch linen, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch cretonne.

No. 7715, LADIES' COAT BLOUSE. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 30-inch fabric. Transfer No. 833 (10 cents).

Descriptions for page 32

No. 7591, LADIES' BLOUSE. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch white voile, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch colored voile.

No. 7356, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 8 sizes; 22 to 36 waist (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, 3 yards 44-inch plaid material. Width, $\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 7677, LADIES' DRESS; straight skirt in instep or tunic length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch silk voile, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 31 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch flouncing, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 45-inch net, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards insertion, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards banding for belt. Width of flounce lengthening foundation, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 7633, LADIES' ONE-PIECE BOX-PLEATED DRESS; round or instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch linen, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch check. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 7063, LADIES' PRINCESS DRESS; side or center-front closing; round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch foulard, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18-inch allover lace, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards velvet ribbon. Width, 3 yards.

Descriptions for page 33

No. 7729, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; one-piece pleated skirt in round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch Georgette, and $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards ribbon to trim. Width of skirt, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Transfer No. 830 (15 cents).

No. 7841, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; box-pleated; round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch gabardine, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch fabric to trim. Width of skirt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 7859, LADIES' AND MISSES' THREE-IN-ONE COAT. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust (20 cents).—In medium size, the cape coat, in 38-inch length, requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54-inch material. This pattern also includes a 52-inch trench coat and 31-inch sweater coat.

No. 7745, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. A crêpe de Chine waist of the tailored type fills many requirements.

No. 7825, LADIES' ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch figured pongee. Width around lower edge, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

Descriptions for page 35

No. 7849, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch chiffon, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch dotted pongee for collar, cuffs and pockets. Here is one of those charming waists fashioned of two materials.

No. 7835, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch material. Width $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. This model may be made without the side pocket sections. The stitching as shown on this skirt is a particularly fashionable trimming.

No. 7839, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; straight pleated tunic with one-piece foundation lengthened by straight lower section; 39-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch voile, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, cuffs and vest. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 7850, LADIES' AND MISSES' GARDEN- OR SUN-HATS; one-piece sunbonnet and sun-hat, and three-piece hat. Pattern in 2 sizes; ladies' and misses' (10 cents).—In either size the sunbonnet and the sun-hat each requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch cretonne, and the three-piece hat $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch linen. Transfer Design No. 323 (10 cents) for scallops.

No. 7857, LADIES' WAIST; side or center-front closing. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe.

No. 7823, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; straight lower edge; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44-inch striped taffeta. Width, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Pockets continue to be a modish addition which helps to make a skirt ultra smart.



Coat Blouse 7715
Transfer Design No. 833



6639



7849-7835



7839



7850
Transfer Design No. 323



7857-7823



7715



Sunbonnet 7850

Waist 7849
Skirt 7835

Waist 7857
Skirt 7823

Dress 7839

MCALL PATTERNS

UNDER THE MIDSUMMER SUN

For other views and descriptions, see page 34

VESTS ADD INTEREST TO BLOUSE OR COAT



Blouse 7851
Skirt 7229



Waistcoat 7843



Dress 7829
Transfer
Design No. 111



Blouse 7855
Skirt 7515



7843



7851



7229



7829



7855



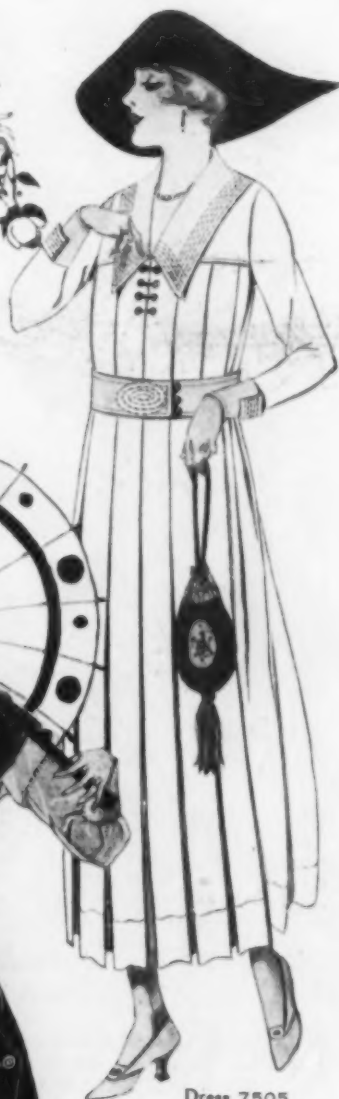
7515

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 47

THE NEWEST SKIRTS HAVE CAPES OR YOKES



Waist 7827



Dress 7505
Transfer Design Stitch-
ing Motif No. 823



Waist 7649
Skirt 7819



Waist 7827
Skirt 7837



7505



7837



7649-7819



7827

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 47

EMPIRE AND BOLERO DRESSES RETURN



Gay Stripes, Solid Checks and Scattered Coin Dots Flaunt Themselves on the Surface of Summer Fabrics

NO. 7653, LADIES' CHEMISE DRESS; straight lower section, pleated or gathered; round or shorter length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, shorter length, 2 yards 36-inch plain linen, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch checked linen, and 1 yard 45-inch organdy for sleeves and collar. Width of gathered flounce, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards. When plain and checked linen are combined, as in this design, the result is a most attractive frock. The sleeves are attached to a guimpe.

No. 7803, LADIES' EMPIRE DRESS; straight skirt, pleated or gathered, in instep or tunic length. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, with instep length foundation, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch batiste, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards lace banding, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards narrow insertion and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards edging. Width of flounce, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. The lingerie dress this summer is privileged to carry as much lace as one's purse will allow. Fine batiste, voile, organdy and mull are among the sheer materials favored for such frocks.

No. 7771, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 45-inch organdy. The organdy waist takes its place in the summer wardrobe, side by side with those oforgette or chiffon. It is often trimmed with fine lace edging. A large, cape-like collar with the new shape that is pointed over the shoulders is the distinguishing feature of the dainty waist of white organdy illustrated here. Small pearl buttons with connecting loops make the novel fastening.

No. 7767, LADIES' ONE-PIECE STRAIGHT SKIRT; 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 46-inch striped material, cut crosswise, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain material for pockets. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Gay sports skirtings with heavy stripes are very much in vogue this summer. A skirt like the model illustrated is trimmed with pockets matching the stripes and stitched with the color matching the background. This model may be pleated or gathered.

No. 7815, LADIES' BOLERO DRESS; straight skirt attached to underwaist or yoke belt; round or instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch figured pongee and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 45-inch net. Width of skirt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The bolero dress is in our midst again, and a very cordial welcome it has received, for there are very few to whom this style is not becoming. This dress would be just as pretty in a figured cotton voile with net sleeves as in a more expensive silk. The dress is made with an underwaist to which the sleeves are sewed, but they may be attached to the bolero if preferred. The style with yoke belt is shown in the small view.



7653



7803



7771-7767



7815

FROCKS TO TAKE ON THE SUMMER TRIP



Overblouse 7631
Skirt 7619



Waist 7047
Skirt 7581



Dress 7511



Dress 7608

With Linen and Jersey Cloth, Very Fine Gingham
Ranks as One of the Favored Dress Materials

COSTUME Nos. 7631-7619, medium size requires, 38-inch length, 6 yards 45-inch linen, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards embroidery banding, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards ribbon for girdle.

No. 7631, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE WITH GUIMPE; to be worn over or under the skirt. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 45-inch linen, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard embroidery banding. They are not pockets at the sides of this overblouse, but bands giving that effect.

No. 7619, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch linen, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards banding. Skirt's width, 3 yards. Transfer Design No. 797 (15 cents) used on small view.

No. 7047, LADIES' WAIST; with or without shoulder yoke. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch voile, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards edging. The daintiness of this waist is accentuated by the veining used in connecting yokes and sleeves to the fronts and back.

No. 7581, LADIES' SKIRT; straight pleated side sections; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The straight hanging side pleats with plain back and front combine to make a skirt very up to date, and desirable for serge, or lightweight broadcloth. Separate skirts have come into their own again this season, and this is a very stylish model.

No. 7511, LADIES' ONE-PIECE PLEATED DRESS; round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, round length, $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 50-inch jersey cloth, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch moiré for collar and cuffs. The width at the lower edge is $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Not even in summer does the popularity of jersey cloth wane. It is especially suitable for the one-piece frock. Large pockets may be added to this dress if desired, for pockets are just as popular now as they have been in past seasons.

No. 7608, LADIES' DRESS; four-gored skirt, with or without loose panels; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 8 sizes; 34 to 48 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch gingham, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 45-inch organdy. Width, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This is a gingham season. Gingham is used for dresses, separate blouses and separate skirts, and is combined with silk or sheer organdy. The model illustrated is developed in a fine plaid gingham in the popular shades of blue and yellow with a touch of black.



7631



7619

Transfer Design No. 797



7047-7581



7511



7608

LACY LINGERIE FROCKS

A Trench Coat Accompanies Them

No. 7820, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; four-piece skirt with straight lower edge, in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch organdy and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards lace banding. Width of skirt, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. The very essence of daintiness is a dress of white or pale-colored organdy trimmed with wide lace. The dress closes on the shoulder or in surplice style.

No. 7856, MISSES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; suitable for small women; straight skirt pleated or gathered, or double flounced skirt. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette, $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 15-inch flouncing, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards narrow flouncing, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard insertion. Width of skirt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The double flounced skirt has a one-piece foundation.

No. 7854, MISSES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; suitable for small women; straight skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch figured voile, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch organdy for collar and cuffs. Width of skirt, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Clever features of this dress are the hemstitched pointed collar and cuffs, and pocket sections of skirt.



Dress 7820

Trench Coat 7859



Dress 7856

Dress 7854

No. 7859, LADIES' AND MISSES' THREE-IN-ONE COAT. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Small size requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54-inch velours for the trench coat in 52-inch length illustrated. It is trimmed with heavy stitching. This design also includes a cape-coat in 38-inch length without back and sleeves, with front attached to shoulder and side seam of cape, and a sweater coat in 31-inch length with long cape, all of which are very fashionable models this season.



7820



7856



7854



7859

YOUTH'S FAVORITES

Shirred and Pleated Models

No. 7836, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; shirt-waist and one-piece straight skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch gingham for skirt, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch voile for the waist. Skirt's width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 7832, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes; 16 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch jersey cloth. Skirt's width, 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 818 for braiding (15 cents). A cape may be added to this dress.

No. 7842, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; opening center front or to be slipped on over the head; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (20 cents).—Size 16 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 30-inch figured voile, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch plain voile for collar, yoke, cuffs, belt and pockets. Skirt's width, 3 yards at lower edge.



Dress 7836

Dress 7832
Transfer Design No. 818

NO. 7080, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY BLOUSE; to be slipped on over the head or with center-front closing; with or without yoke and straps. Pattern in 8 sizes; 6 to 20 years (10 cents).—Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar facing.

No. 7714, MISSES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women; with or without straight band; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes; 14 to 20 years (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch cotton gabardine. Skirt's width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A model with excellent lines for country sports to wear with one's separate waists.



7836

7080

7714

Blouse 7080 Skirt 7714
Sun-Hat 7050

For description of No. 1859, see page 34



Dress 7842



7842



Dress 7834

Dress 7838

Dress 7252

Dress 7628

PRACTICAL TUB FROCKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS

NO. 7834, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 38-inch striped and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards same width plain gingham. It has been many a long day since gingham has had the popularity that it has this season. The model shown above is especially pretty developed in blue and white striped gingham and trimmed with plain white gingham. Plaid with plain gingham is also an excellent combination.

NO. 7838, GIRL'S DRESS; with or without straight band. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires, for band, collar and cuffs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch

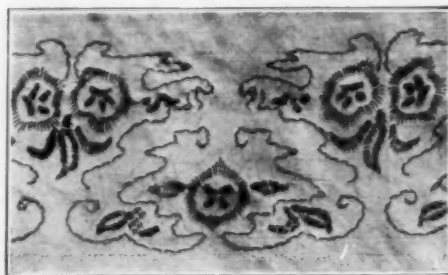


7834



7838

plaid and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards same width plain gingham. Since the barrel effect is fashionable for Mother, her young daughter must have it in an abbreviated form. The model is given this effect by the addition of a band stitched to the dress, front and back, and left loose at the sides.



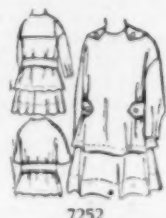
830

NO. 830, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BANDING. Suggesting the latest oriental influence in embroideries, this gives a stunning effect to a frock, applied as a banding or as separate motifs. The work is simple, and the effect charming in two colors. 3 yards $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. In yellow or blue, 15 cents.

NO. 7252, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS; blouse to be slipped on over the head; three-piece skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 14 requires, $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch cotton poplin. A particularly smart midddy costume for the junior is here illustrated developed in immaculate white with a scarlet spotted tie and patent leather belt. White drilling is an excellent material for a suit of this kind. It may be developed also in khaki or khaki-colored materials.

NO. 7628, GIRL'S DRESS; straight box-pleated skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch figured lawn, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain

lawn for collar and cuffs. An example of the simplicity which is so smart in children's clothes is shown in this model with its very short Empire waist and straight, box-pleated skirt. It is suitable for lawn or for the soft summer silks which are very practical for young girls' frocks.



7252



7628



Dress 7826
Transfer Design No. 833

Dress 7828
Transfer Design No. 833

Dress 7626

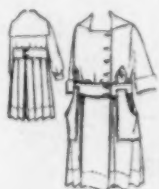
Dress 7454

PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS TRIM MANY A DRESS

NO. 7826, GIRL'S DRESS; straight skirt, pleated or gathered. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32-inch gingham and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 38-inch chambray. Simple and girlish is this little frock made especially charming by its patriotic development in blue and white gingham with an eagle embroidered in red upon the white panel of the waist. The eagle is obtained from Transfer Design No. 833 (10 cents).

NO. 7828, GIRL'S DRESS; opening center-front or to be slipped on over the head; straight skirt. Pattern in 6 size; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards

36-inch linen, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch contrasting linen to trim. This young girl shows her patriotism by a musket motif embroidered on the front of her blouse. It is taken from Transfer Design No. 833 (10 cents). In blue and white, or brown and buff, this model would be attractive.



7826



7828

NO. 7626, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS; straight pleated skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch gabardine for blouse and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch striped gabardine for skirt and trimming. An unusually pretty frock in the smart midddy effect is here illustrated in a combination of plain and striped material. It is particularly good for a picnic and outing frock, and may also be developed in khaki or denim.

NO. 7454, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch gingham, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch plain lawn for collar

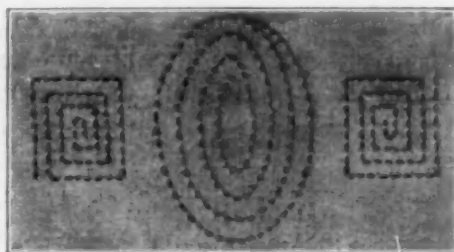
and cuffs and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards insertion. How to be stylish though simple is shown by this model, simple enough for the everyday frock and yet stylish enough for the frock for afternoon calls. Percale and galatea will do for service, and fine gingham, pongee or linen for more elaborate wear.



7626



7454



829

NO. 829, TRANSFER DESIGN FOR STITCHING MOTIFS.—A simple trimming that is new and very popular for dresses and coats. Pattern gives directions for machine stitching, running stitch or couching. Several transfers of 8 different motifs given in pattern. The eight oval motifs measure $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches long. Yellow or blue. Price, 15 cents.

FOR OUR YOUNG PATRIOTS



Trench Suit
7822

Dress 7830
Transfer Design No. 318

Suit 7844

Dress 7584

7584

NO. 7822, BOY'S TRENCH SUIT. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44-inch linen, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 44-inch contrasting linen.

No. 7630, CHILD'S DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 6 months to 6 years (10 cents).—Size 2 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch chambray. Transfer No. 318 (10 cents) for scallops.

No. 7844, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Pattern in 3 sizes; 2 to 6 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch galatea, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch fabric to trim.

No. 7584, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch batiste, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 20-inch flouncing, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard insertion for sleeve bands, and 1 yard insertion for belt.

Descriptions for page 45

No. 7840, GIRL'S DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 4 to 12 years (15 cents).—Size 10 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch striped gingham, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch lawn.

No. 7710, BOY'S ONE-PIECE BLOUSE. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (10 cents).—Size 6 requires, with short sleeves, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch madras.

No. 7824, BOY'S OVERALLS. Pattern in 6 sizes; 4 to 14 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires, full length, 2 yards 27-inch khaki.

No. 7270, CHILD'S COAT ROMPER. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (10 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch linen and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard same width checked linen.

No. 7846, CHILD'S DRESS; straight gathered skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27-inch gingham and 1 yard 40-inch lawn.

No. 7396, CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS.—Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch figured voile, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain voile.

No. 7614, BOY'S BOX-PLEATED SUIT; knee trousers. Pattern in 4 sizes; 2 to 8 years (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch linen for coat and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for trousers.

No. 7818, CHILD'S DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes; 2 to 10 years (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch lawn. Transfer No. 822 (15 cents).

No. 7830, CHILD'S ROMPER. Pattern in 4 sizes; 1 to 6 years (10 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch crepe and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard same width to trim.

No. 7858, GIRL'S OVERALLS. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 4 to 6; medium, 8 to 10; large, 12 to 14 years (15 cents).—Medium size requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch material for waist, and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch percale for bloomers.





For other views and descriptions, see page 44

FASHIONABLE SUITS FOR THE BEACH



Bathing Suit 7773

Bathing Suit 7852

Bathing Suit 7852

NO. 7773, LADIES' CHEMISE BATHING SUIT; with bloomers. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch wool jersey, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch satin for collar.

NO. 7852, LADIES' BATHING SUIT; with bloomers or to be worn over tights. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, first figure, with bloomers, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch satin, and 1 yard 36-inch striped silk; second figure, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch taffeta, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch for collar, and 2 yards 36-inch material for bloomers.

Descriptions for page 29

NO. 7860, LADIES' AND MISSES' OVERALL SUIT. (Patent applied for) Pattern in 6 sizes; 32 to 42 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 7 yards 31-inch khaki, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch material for collar. The suit may be made in strapped effect to be worn over a blouse.

NO. 7847, NURSES' OR MAIDS' CAP AND APRONS. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Medium size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch linen for three-piece apron, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch lawn for cap. A straight gathered apron is also given.

NO. 7845, NURSES' UNIFORM; four-gored skirt, 39- or 37-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents). Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch percale for 39-inch length, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch lawn for cap. Width of skirt, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Waist and skirt can be made separately or joined.

NO. 7073, LADIES' WAIST; with or without shoulder yoke. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch material.

NO. 7011, LADIES' SPORTS SKIRT; with or without bloomers; four-gored skirt in 39- or 32-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 22 to 34 waist (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 32-inch length, with leggings, $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 31-inch khaki. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Descriptions for page 30

NO. 7848, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; underarm and back section cut in one with waist; round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 45-inch jersey and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch silk. Width, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. Transfer No. 812 (15 cents).

NO. 7833, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch crêpe. Transfer No. 829 (15 cents).

NO. 7831, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 39-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 39-inch length, $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch linen. Width, 2 yards.

NO. 7853, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32-inch voile, 1 yard 32-inch to trim. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

NO. 7308, LADIES' WAIST Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch voile. Transfer No. 823, (10 cents).

NO. 7613, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch serge. Width at lower edge, 3 yards.

Descriptions for page 31

NO. 7605, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch striped gingham and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain gingham.

NO. 7627, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, three-piece skirt in 42-inch length, 4 yards 36-inch linen. Width, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

NO. 7301, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; three-piece skirt; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 30-inch gingham, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch voile. Width, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

NO. 7640, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS; one-piece tucked skirt; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch figured and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch plain voile. Width of skirt, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

NO. 7577, LADIES' BLOUSE. Pattern in 7 sizes; 34 to 46 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch voile, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards flit edging.

NO. 7229, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44-inch satin. Width at lower edge, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards.



7773



7852

WHEN YOU SEEK COMFORT IN KIMONOS

NO. 7821, LADIES' AND MISSES' KIMONO. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Medium size requires 4 yards 36-inch crêpe and $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards ribbon. Width, 2 yards.

No. 7201, LADIES' BREAKFAST SET; BLOUSE, SKIRT AND CAP; three-piece skirt in 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust (15 cents).—Medium size requires, 38-inch skirt, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch lawn, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch net for cap, with $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards insertion, and $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards edging. Skirt's width, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 6489, LADIES' AND MISSES' KIMONO. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust (15 cents).—Medium size requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch crêpe, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27-inch lawn for collar.

Descriptions for page 36

No. 7851, LADIES' BLOUSE. Pattern in 4 sizes; 34 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch silk, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 45-inch material for belt cut on lengthwise fold. This low-waisted blouse is cut on new lines.

No. 7229, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 42 or 38-inch length. Pattern in 6 sizes; 22 to 32 waist (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44-inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. The top may be pleated or gathered.

No. 7829, LADIES' DRESS; closing center-front or side; instep or tunic length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 5 yards 45-inch linen, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch voile. Width, 3 yards. Transfer Design No. 811 (15 cents).

No. 7843, LADIES' AND MISSES' WAISTCOAT OR VEST; in two styles. Pattern in 2 sizes; small, 34 to 36; large, 38 to 40 bust (20 cents).—Small size requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch piqué, and 1 yard 27-inch striped piqué for collar and pockets. Waistcoats are being much worn with coats.

COSTUME NOS. 7855-7515, medium size requires, 38-inch length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch voile, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 45-inch organdy.

No. 7855, LADIES' WAISTCOAT BLOUSE; two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 38-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 45-inch for collar and cuffs.

No. 7515, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. With the pretty gathered pockets this design is especially suitable for soft, summery materials.



7821

7201

6489



Kimono 7821

Breakfast Set 7201

Kimono 6489

Descriptions for page 37

No. 7649, LADIES' WAIST; in two styles. Pattern in 6 sizes; 34 to 44 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch Georgette, and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards lace edging. Trimmed with the fashionable filet lace edging, this is an exquisite and stylish summer blouse. Batiste, mull, crêpe de Chine, and voile are other materials suitable for this waist.

No. 7819, LADIES' STRAIGHT SKIRT; two styles of yoke; 42- or 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires 38-inch length, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch gingham. The width is $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Pleated or gathered, this is a very good design for the smart separate skirts of gingham which are so stylish this year.

No. 7827, LADIES' WAIST; with or without vest; two styles of sleeve. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (20 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch silk, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch plain silk for collar and vest, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch for collar facing. As illustrated with Skirt No. 7837, the waist requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch crêpe.

No. 7837, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with or without cape; in 38-inch length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 22 to 30 waist (20 cents).—Size 26 requires, with cape, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch satin. Width, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Usually a cape is the property of a waist, but in this case it belongs exclusively to the skirt. The skirt has a high waistline. Especially pretty in soft satin or taffeta is this model with draped effect at the sides.

No. 7505, LADIES' ONE-PIECE BOX-PLEATED DRESS; round or instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes; 34 to 42 bust (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch linen, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch contrasting linen to trim. Width of skirt, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Stitching from Transfer Design No. 829, (15 cents) provides the trimming. It is done with heavy cotton. Many coats and dresses are trimmed with this effective stitching which is done on the machine very easily.



That Valves Stem is the secret - No baby can bite hard enough to shut off the milk.

Summer Comfort For Babies

IF your bottle-fed baby is restless, fretful and colicky it is probably the fault of the nipple you are using. The change to the Miller Non-Collapsible Nipple will show an immediate improvement in the baby's health and spirits.

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NON-COLLAPSIBLE

are easy to clean and sterilize and recommended by all authorities.

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AKRON, U. S. A.

NEW SUMMER NEEDLECRAFT

By HELEN THOMAS



833—DESIGN FOR EMBLEMS. McCALL COLLAR PATTERN NO. 7760. PRICE, 10 CENTS

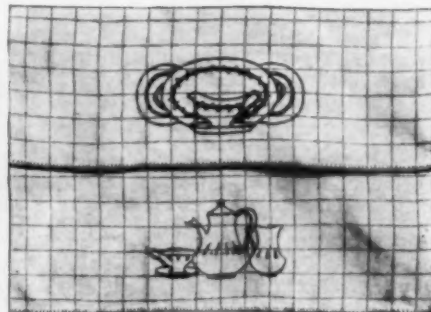
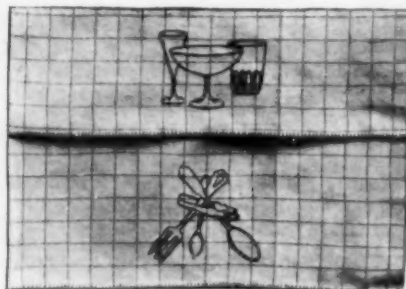
No. 833—Design for Patriotic Emblems. Ten emblems given, several transfers of each. Besides being used on children's garments, these emblems are very popular

provided with pattern. Transfer design, in yellow or blue, 10 cents.

No. 831—Four designs for Kitchen Towels. Two transfers of each design given. These designs make very attractive towels embroidered in red or blue marking cotton or medium-weight mercerized cotton on plain or cross-barred toweling. Embroidered in outline-stitch



833—DESIGN FOR PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS



831—FOUR DESIGNS FOR KITCHEN TOWELS

for embroidering ladies' middy-blouses, hat-bands, handkerchiefs, collars, and bags in red, white and blue, and gold. Motifs developed in outline-, satin-, cross-stitch, and French knots. Full directions

with blanket-stitch finish. Directions with pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents.

No. 832—Design, for Pillow-Top. Measures $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide by $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches high. Transfer in yellow or blue. The design is embroidered in red, white and blue, and brown with wool, cotton, or silk. Gold thread or gold-colored silk may be used for the pole. Full directions provided with pattern. Transfer design, 15 cents.



832—DESIGN FOR PILLOW-TOP

No. 828—Japanese Design for Tea-Cloth and 6 Napkins (illustrated on page 49). Two large designs about 6 inches across and 3 smaller ones about $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches across (2 transfers of each). Pretty on square tea-cloths, centerpieces, napkins, towels, bureau-scarfs and table-runners, they may be

[Concluded on page 49]

NEW SUMMER NEEDLECRAFT

[Continued from page 48]

worked on white or natural-colored linen in delft-blue with very small running-stitches. A charming finish for the edge of this set is made with crochet cotton, matching the color of the embroidery cotton. Crochet directions given with pattern. Transfer design, 15 cents.



833—DESIGN FOR PATRIOTIC EMBLEMS. MEASURES 2 1/4 INCHES ACROSS



828

828—DETAIL OF NAPKIN CORNER
826—DETAIL OF NAPKIN CORNER



826

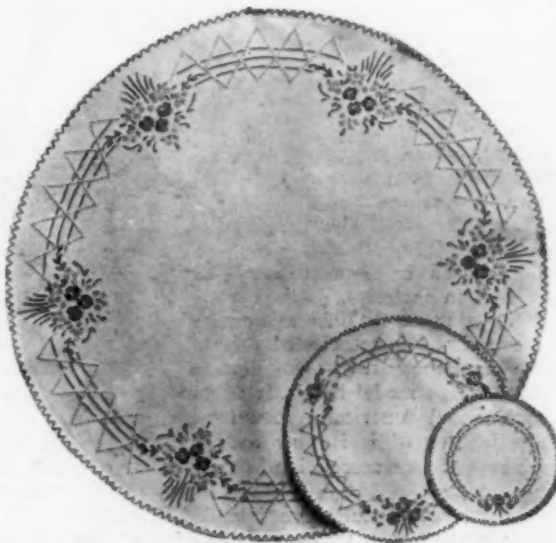
Editor's Note.—McCall Kaunagraph patterns can be transferred to material with a hot iron in less than a minute. Obtained at McCall Pattern Agencies or postpaid from McCall Company on receipt of 10 or 15 cents. McCall's Book of Embroidery, illustrating over 500 designs and containing lessons on embroidery stitches, includes coupon for free 10-cent transfer pattern. Price in U. S., 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.



828—JAPANESE DESIGN FOR TEA-CLOTH AND 6 NAPKINS

No. 826—Design for 24-inch Centerpiece and 6 corners for Napkins. Matches design No. 827 for doilies. Extremely pleasing worked in light colors and is most simple and quick to embroider. Full directions with the pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents. Oval doilies to match will appear in a following issue.

No. 827—Design for six 6-inch and six 10-inch doilies. Matches centerpiece No. 826. Worked in light colors combined with black which is used along the edge and in the two parallel circles done in outline-stitch. Directions with pattern. Transfer design, 15 cents.



826

827

826—DESIGN FOR 24-INCH CENTERPIECE AND 6 NAPKINS
827—DESIGN FOR 6-INCH AND 10-INCH DOILIES



A Cool Drink With A Reason

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MAKE YOUR OWN OVERALLS

LESSON 77—THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

WOMEN are taking to farming and gardening in all earnestness, now that each and all of us have been impressed with the urgent need for cultivating the soil.

The woman with the hoe is becoming more and more a familiar figure; but the hoe and the skirt, these two which have always been antagonistic, are yet to be reconciled. The fact is that skirts must be dispensed with, for how-

chambray; but when it comes to rougher work in the fields, the heavier materials should be used for they are better suited to withstand the hard usage which they will necessarily receive.

Khaki, denim, blue jean, and khaki-colored materials are generally used. Khaki color is especially recommended as it does not show the dirt as much as other colors.

No woman wants to cultivate freckles, even at the expense of cultivating gardens, so to make the gardening outfit complete, a sun-hat is not to be forgotten. In Fig. 1, the hat No. 7850, a becoming model with a soft, flexible brim that may be turned up or down, is shown with the overall suit. Both are made of the same material.

I am going to tell you first about making the suit. There are two ways of making it. You can have either an entire suit like Fig. 1 or you may use the jumper effect with no sleeves, for which the pattern allows, and wear it over a plain blouse (see Fig. 3). When the overalls are made with sleeves, either long or short sleeves may be used.

The bloomers are finished with a band at the lower edge. These may be tucked in under the top of high laced boots, which are the correct boots to wear for outdoor work.

With the boots laced over the bloomers, the feet will be thoroughly protected from dirt which would otherwise sift in and make them very uncomfortable.

THE PATTERN.—The pattern for the overalls, No. 7860, is in 6 sizes; from 32- to 42-inch bust measure. Price, 15 cents. It is suitable for both ladies and misses. The sun-hat No. 7850 is in 2 sizes; ladies' and misses'. Price, 10 cents. Get your

[Concluded on page 51]



FIG. 1—NO. 7860, A PRACTICAL OVERALL SUIT OF KHAKI (PATENT APPLIED FOR). THE SUN-HAT NO. 7850 COMPLETES THE COSTUME

And, here I may say that many women have learned the value of using overalls for work about the house. They are also widely used by women workers in factories.

Knowing of the increasing popularity of overalls, I have selected the suit No. 7860 for the dressmaking lesson this month. This model has been adopted by the National American Woman Suffrage Association and it is now used by the members of this association in their agricultural work.

When the overalls are intended for work in the house, they are made of the same durable materials used for house aprons such as percale, gingham, and

MAKE YOUR OWN OVERALLS

[Continued from page 50]

overall pattern by your correct bust measure, and if you are of average size, no alterations will be necessary.

To make the overalls, as shown in Fig. 1, size 36 will require 7 yards of 30-inch khaki with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting material for the collar. The hat will require 1 yard of 30-inch khaki.

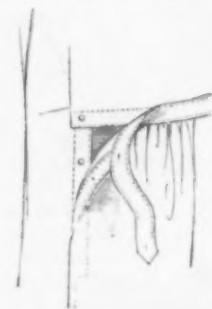


FIG. 2—HOW TO FINISH THE SIDE OPENING AND BELT

I need not repeat the directions for cutting out this suit and hat since they are given very clearly on the back of the pattern envelopes.

SEAMS.—Close the seams of the garment by matching notch to notch and sew through the long perforations. Before closing the underarm seam, do not forget to make the darts on each side of the front. Sew up the side seams of the bloomers between the extension for opening and the small circle at the lower part. Then close the inside seams of bloomers and, finally, joining the two legs together with notches matching.

All these seams may be French-seamed, especially if the material is light in weight. With heavy materials, however, it may be more advisable to use the fell seam as the former would probably make the sewing very bulky.

In making a fell seam, stitch on the wrong side just as you would a plain seam, then trim the under edge to one-quarter inch from seam. Turn the upper edge under the lower, baste, and stitch on the folded edge. There will be one line of stitching on the right side.

Make the hems at the front of the suit by folding the edges along the line of perforations and stitch $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from folded edge. For fastening, lap the right front over the left and stitch the two together securely at the lower part.

At the back, underface the lower part of the waist with a strip of material to make it firm enough to hold the buttons. This strip should be a little narrower than the width of the belt.

Now for the side opening and belt: Underface the side-front extensions, or simply finish them with narrow hems. Underface also, the sides of the back opening, making the facing $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide when finished. Gather a cross

the top of the back between crosses and sew to the belt, between small circles in lower edge of belt. The belt should be lined with the same material to cover up the gathered edges. Finish with stitching all around (see Fig. 2). This detailed illustration shows the correct finish at the sides and back of the garment. Place buttons on the back of the waist and corresponding buttonholes on the belt. The ends of the belt are brought around to the front where one is lapped over the other and fastened with a button.

The collar, cuffs, and leg bands are applied to neck edge, sleeves and lower edge of suit respectively, following the notches on the pattern, which should be clipped when the material is first cut out. In applying the band to the gathered lower edge of suit, arrange it so that the front end extends and laps over the back where it fastens. Detailed instructions for arranging the band are given on the pattern envelope. The

band may hang loose over the shoe, but it is more practical to fasten it securely and lace the shoes over it as in Fig. 1.

The patch pockets are hemmed along the upper edge, and the other edges turned under and stitched to position according to the perforations on the pattern. These pockets are very useful.



FIG. 3—NO. 7860 (PATENT APPLIED FOR). THE OVERALLS MAY BE MADE IN JUMPER EFFECT AS WELL

THE SUN-HAT.—The sun-hat No. 7850 consists of three pieces, the gathered crown, the band, and the brim. Gather the lower edge of the crown all around and sew it to the edge of the band having small circles. Line the brim and sew to the other edge of band. Then line your band. The brim and the band of the hat may be trimmed with rows of stitching. The pattern No. 7850 also includes a sun-bonnet and a one-piece sun-hat. These are illustrated in Fig. 4.



FIG. 4—A SUNBONNET AND ONE-PIECE SUN-HAT ARE ALSO INCLUDED IN THE PATTERN NO. 7850

Editor's Note.—Write to Mrs. Whitney concerning any difficulty you may have in selecting designs or materials for your summer wardrobe, and she will be glad to assist you if you will enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for her reply.

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50 Engraved Calling Cards, \$1.
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THE NEW EMBROIDERY

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

No. 10632
— Camisole.
To be worked in outline-, eyelet-, and solid-embroidery and in French knots. It may be had in the small, medium, or large size. Very simple to make, as



10632—CAMISOLE

it is in one piece, fastened at the shoulders with ribbon, with the fulness adjusted at the waistband. The design stamped on good quality nainsook may be had for 25 cents; free for one new 75-cent subscription not your own. Design stamped on pure handkerchief linen, 50 cents; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. White mercerized cotton to work extra, 15 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents.



10630—BABIES' BOOTIES

10630—
Babies' Bootees.

Charming and dainty for summer wear. To be worked in buttonhole-, solid-, outline-, and eyelet-embroidery. The design stamped on white poplin, piqué, or rep, including a sufficient amount of blue or pink embroidery cotton to work, may be had for 25 cents; free for one new 75-cent

subscription not your own. Perforated pattern including stamping materials, 10 cents.

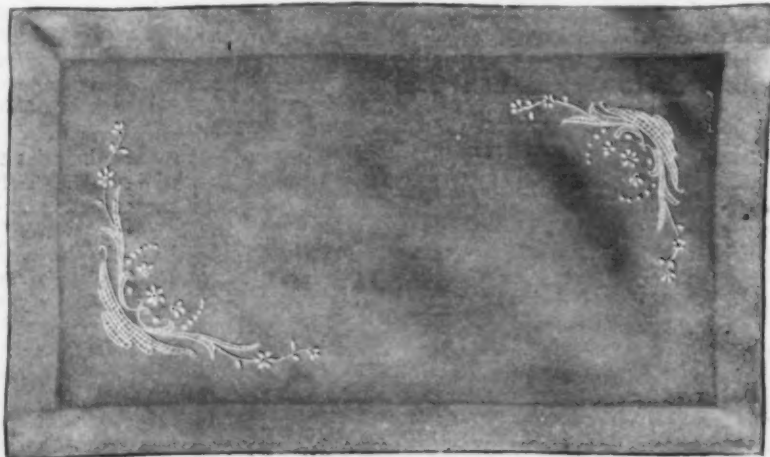
No. 10635
— Serving Cloth or Tray Doily. To be worked in solid-, outline-, and

eyelet-embroidery. The design stamped on good quality imitation linen, 18 by 27 inches, including a sufficient amount of embroidery cotton to work, may be had for 30 cents; free for one new

75-cent subscription not your own. The design stamped on pure linen, 18 by 27 inches, including a sufficient amount of embroidery cotton to work, may be had for 55 cents; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Perforated pattern, including stamp-

ing materials, 10 cents. If one already has on hand other material than that described here, or prefers to buy a special kind of material in the stores, this same perforated pattern might still be used on it effectively.

[Concluded on page 53]

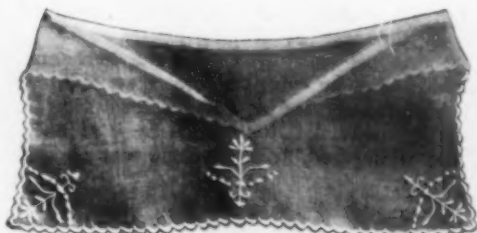


10635—SERVING CLOTH OR TRAY DOILY

THE NEW EMBROIDERY

(Continued from page 52)

No. 10631—Collar. To be worked in the outline-, solid-, and buttonhole-embroidery. This collar is especially dainty in white over a colored linen shirt-waist or wash dress. The design stamped on organdie or mercerized batiste, including a sufficient amount of embroidery cotton to work may be had for 35 cents; free for one new 75-cent subscription not your own. If desired, the embroidery may be worked in colored embroidery cotton. Blue or pink would be dainty. However, only white is furnished with the material here described. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, may be had for 10 cents.



10631—COLLAR



10633—LADIES' WAIST

No. 10633—Ladies' Waist. One of the smartest style waists for this year's summer wear. Dainty and cool for hot days and especially attractive worn with corduroy or the new fashionable striped sports skirt. It may be had in the small, medium, or large size. The design stamped on white crêpe, voile, or lawn, with cutting outline (McCall tissue pattern No. 7145 is used) may be had for 60 cents; free for three 75-cent subscriptions. A sufficient amount of embroidery cotton to work may be had for 25 cents extra. Perforated pattern of embroidery part only, including stamping materials, may be had for 10 cents extra. McCall Pattern must be ordered separate.



10634—HANDKERCHIEF

No. 10634—Handkerchief. To be worked in scallops, and in buttonhole-, eyelet-, and solid-embroidery. This dainty design may be had stamped on handkerchief linen, including a sufficient amount of embroidery cotton to work, and any one initial stamped for 30 cents each; free for one new 75-cent subscription, not your own. Per half dozen, 75 cents; free for three 75-cent subscriptions. The design stamped on mercerized batiste, including a sufficient amount of embroidery cotton to work and any one initial

stamped may be had for 20 cents each. Per half dozen, 50 cents; free for two 75-cent subscriptions. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, may be had for 10 cents; perforated

alphabet, including stamping materials, may be had for 10 cents. When ordering stamped design, please be sure to mention just what initial you desire.

Editor's Note.

—Perforated pattern of any article, 10 cents; materials at prices designated, postage prepaid. Fast colors in floss guaranteed. Send check, money order, or stamps to McCall Co., McCall Bldg., 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. Patterns for articles not carried by McCall agencies.

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THE DEENY MAN'S HOME

By JO L. G. McMAHON

A DEENY man is a faery man just about as high as the seat of a kitchen chair.

One, named Popmaak, was hurrying along with a pencil behind his ear and a hammer under his arm.

"Oh me, oh my," he whimpered, "oh me, oh my, oh me. How my poor tired feet do ache! I'm sure I'll never be able to,—"

And then he stopped short and listened, for behind the hedge, beside the road, he heard a funny sound. It was a bit like a cluck and something like a moo and a good deal like a grunt.

"Now, that's very strange," said Popmaak with a puzzled look. "I've heard a 'cluck' and I've heard a 'moo' and I've heard a 'grunt,' but never before have I heard a sound like a 'cluck,' a 'moo' and a 'grunt.' I think I'd better look and see."

So he did. And what do you think? There stood a hen as large as a pig, and a cow as small as a pig, and a pig.

"What are you looking for, Deeny Man?" asked the hen.

"Do you think you'll find it?" inquired the cow.

"What'll be the good if you do?" queried the pig.

"I'm looking for a house to build," answered Popmaak. "Come along, all three."

So they did. The hen trotted along at his right hand and the cow ambled along at his left and the pig trailed along behind. Well, they walked and they talked and they went about a mile and they came to a milestone with a neat little one-room house on top.

"I say," said Popmaak, "this looks like a very fine house to build. What do you think, all three?"

"Fine," said the hen.

"Good," said the cow.

"Maybe," said the pig after a long, long pause.

But the deeny man had forgotten them before they answered and stood there doing a lot of important-looking figuring on the back of an envelope. When the envelope was so covered with scribbling

that there was room to write no more, he threw it away, saying, "Quite right, quite right," and began to bustle about, ignoring his companions, even when he stumbled over one or another of them in his haste.

He hung his hat on a bush, threw his coat on the grass, rolled up his sleeves and began to hammer, tap, tap, on a nail in the upper corner of the little house.

Instantly, out flew a bluebird, saying, "Look here, look here! I say, what's this? What do you mean with your hammer?"

"I was thinking I would build this house," said Popmaak, pausing in his work.

"You're much too late," said the bluebird, "it's been finished for a long time."

"Oh, I beg pardon," said Popmaak.

So he put on his hat and coat and said to his companions, "Come on, all three, we'll travel."

So they did—the hen at his right hand, the cow at his left, and the pig trailing on behind.

Well, they walked and they talked and they went about a mile and they came to a little dormer window with white curtains and a red geranium in the branch of an apple tree.

"I say," said Popmaak, "this looks like a pretty fine house to

build. What do you say, all three?"

"The view will be good," said the hen.

"The air will be fine," said the cow.

But the pig grunted contemptuously.

"You'll soon get tired of climbing up and down," he said.

[Concluded on page 55]



THE DEENY MAN'S HOME

[Continued from page 54]

But the deeny man paid no heed. He climbed up the tree and crawled out on the branch and began to hammer on the little roof.

As soon as he commenced, a woodpecker bobbed his head out of the window, saying, "What's the idea? What's that? Who's here?"

"Why, I was thinking of building this house for a home," said Popmaak, politely.

"But you're late," said the woodpecker, "it's finished."

"Sure enough," said Popmaak, "I beg pardon, so it is." And he dropped to the ground.

"Come on, all three," he said to his companions, "we'll travel."



fine house to build. What do you think, all three?"

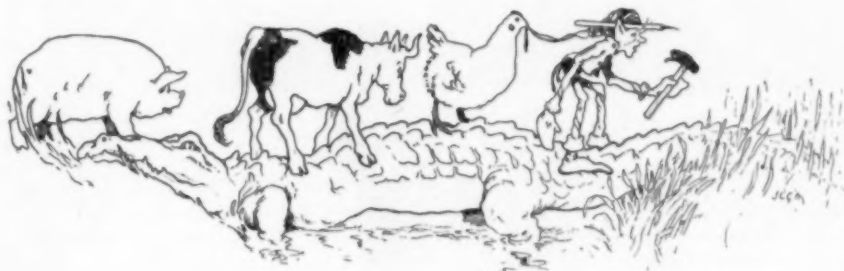
"Just the house for a deeny man," said the hen.

"It's better than that," said the cow.

"Don't ask me," said the pig, "I'm not going to live in it."

But again Popmaak began to bustle about with his ham-

mer. He gave a tap, tap, tap, tap on the southeast side, whispering, "Right O, right O," but nobody came out. Then he ran around and gave a rap, rap, rap on the northwest side, murmuring, "Tight O, tight O." Then he climbed up and gave a slap, slap, slap, on the shingled roof, chuckling, "Quite right, quite right," and jumped down again to the ground.



So they did. They walked and they talked and they went about a mile and they came to the place where the alligator got fifty cents a day for being a bridge and a dollar on Sundays, with his head on one side and his tail on the other, and they all crossed over.

And what do you think? They found a gate, a gate without a fence.

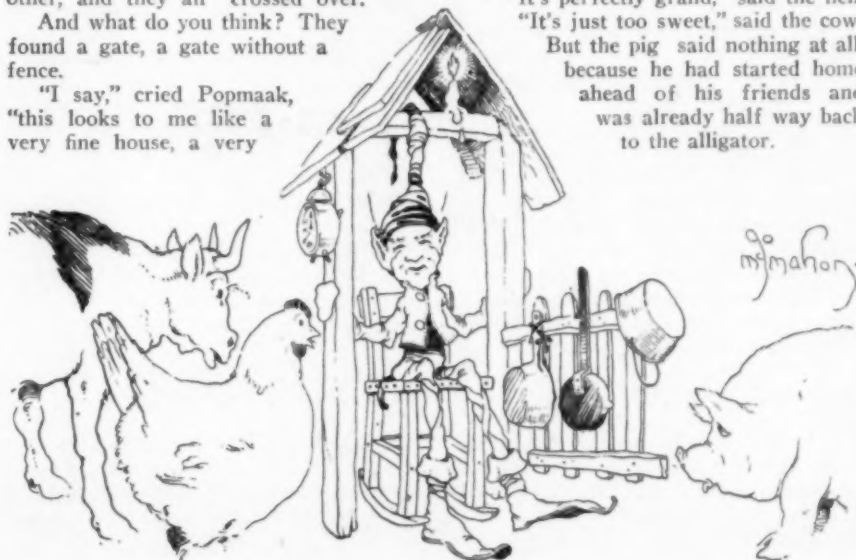
"I say," cried Popmaak, "this looks to me like a very fine house, a very

Then he lit a candle and wound a clock and hung up some kettles and pans and sat down to rest in a rocking-chair with an air of great content.

"I say, this feels cozy to me," he sighed.
"What do you think, all three?"

"It's just too sweet," said the cow.

But the pig said nothing at all, because he had started home ahead of his friends and was already half way back to the alligator.



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DEALERS: WRITE FOR PROPOSITION

A SAFE, INSANE FOURTH

By FAYE N. MERRIMAN

ARE we going to have another sissy Fourth this year?" inquired my small nephew plaintively.

I sagged over the arm of my porch chair and collapsed. Here we had been congratulating ourselves upon the success of our "safe and sane" celebration of the previous year and planning one even more mild and innocuous, if possible, for the approaching Fourth.

A sissy Fourth! As I gasped, I recalled every detail of the celebration. We had gone to the woods to spend the day

as usual, and in place of the deadly firecracker and the noisy torpedo, there had been a march to patriotic music accompanied by the waving of flags. Not a toy cannon had resounded, but we had saluted the flag enthusiastically and played games properly veneered and adapted to the day.

We had consumed quantities of lemonade tinted a patriotic red and served in tall white glasses with blue crepe-paper frills. We had eaten cakes and cookies cut in appropriate shapes and covered with red, white, and blue icing. We had finished with ice cream similarly treated and with vegetable-colored candies.

I regarded Donald limply. "Didn't you like last Fourth?" I asked.

Donald sighed patiently. "Yes," he answered, "and I like Sunday-School picnics; but it wasn't very much like the Fourth of July."

"But there was the march and the flags and the cakes and the ice cream," I reminded him weakly.

Donald's eyes glistened reminiscently. "Yes, the ice cream was good," he admitted, "but so was that you made yesterday." His words set me to thinking.

"But you surely don't want to go back to the old dangerous Fourth?" I asked. "You know every year—"

"I know," interrupted Donald, surreptitiously glancing at a small finger that will never have a perfect nail again, "and I don't want firecrackers any more."

"What is it you want then?" I asked. "Toy cannons?"

He shook his head and his face clouded over. "Oh, I don't know," he answered restlessly. "I don't know exactly what kind of a celebration I'd like to have."

It isn't the firecrackers or the cannons I miss—but it's something! He looked vaguely about him for inspiration and then—the Fourth of July being a month and a half away, and the brook with its fine sandy bottom quite near at hand, he dissolved into the distance with a surprising rapidity of movement, leaving us sitting amid the wreckage of our plans.

"It's something!" I exploded, looking at those around me. "It isn't firecrackers that he wants and it isn't cannons. It isn't marches and it isn't flags; it isn't colored ice cream and it isn't cakes. Then, what is it?"

My younger sister who is nearest to childhood and understands it better looked at me queerly.

"Well, what is it?" I asked rather irritably, for I had been one of the most enthusiastic of the planners, and it is not pleasant to have one's ideas upset so abruptly.

Edith hesitated. "I think," she said timidly, "that it's noise!"

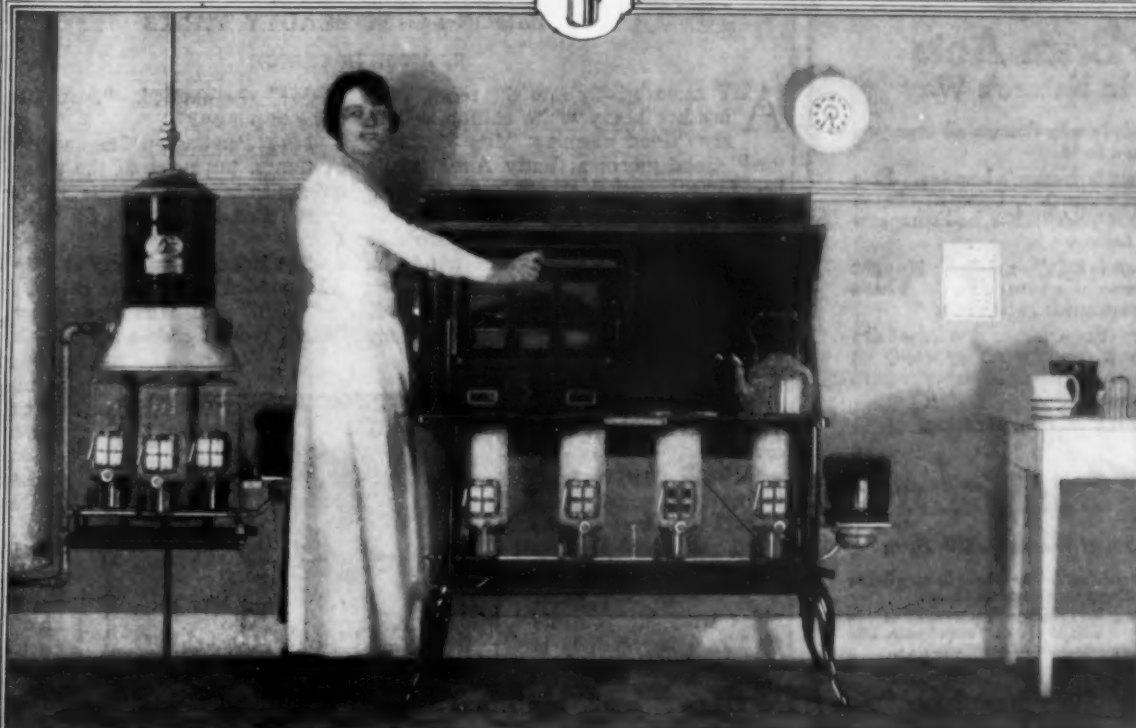
A GROAN arose. Scarcely were the words uttered before we realized with sinking hearts that they were true. We could read it in each other's faces.

[Continued on page 78]



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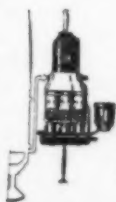
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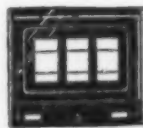
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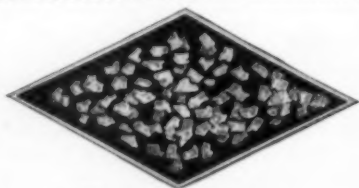
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OUTWITTING OLD SOL

COMMON-SENSE BEAUTY TALKS

By ANNETTE BEACON

AMY came briskly into the room, raising her heavy white chiffon veil to cry "Good morning, Miss Pennington! Good morning, Patty Ann!" while her fingers busied themselves divesting her hat of its gauzy folds. "Please observe how virtuous I am. A two-mile walk this morning, thank you! And you can see I don't mean to have even one freckle or a patch of tan or sunburn this summer. I've begun already to shield my complexion as if it were a precious possession, my watchword being 'Prevention is better than cure!'"

Miss Pennington lifted quizzical eyes. "That's the best watchword you could possibly adopt," she agreed. "But what makes you think that wrapping yourself up like a harem lady is going to achieve the result?"

Amy paused with one hatpin in mid-air. "Why—a veil—" she began—"if I'm careful to protect my skin right from the very beginning, surely I can't have freckles this year."

"But you'll never keep up wearing that veil when hot weather comes," said Miss Pennington. "You'll be much more likely to go bareheaded. And even if you were Spartan enough to smother yourself in chiffon for the sake of an indoor complexion, here's all summer waiting for you, with its tennis and its swims and its tramps. Is any complexion worth forfeiting a summer's fun?—and you'd have to forfeit it, for you certainly can't play tennis or water polo in a chiffon veil!"

Amy sank down disconsolately on the window-seat by Patty Ann.

"I hate freckles!" she exclaimed viciously. "And I don't think it's fair I have to have them."

Patty Ann looked hopefully at Miss Pennington. "Don't you know something

to do?" she queried. "Isn't there something to put on?"

Miss Pennington laughed. "Oh, lots of things, but most of the things to 'put on' are to take off freckles, not to prevent them. But, if you like, I'll tell you what I do."

She looked inquiringly at the two girls, who nodded a breathless assent.

"Well," said Miss Pennington, slowly. "First, I don't coddle my skin during the

winter and spring. The prettiest flower ever grown in a hothouse is a delicate plant and won't stand the least exposure, you know. And the prettiest complexion ever shielded and protected and softened and kept delicate through the winter months won't stand one summer day of exposure without dying an untimely death."

Patty Ann looked at Amy significantly.

"The way to prevent a good share of the ills which do and will befall complexions in summer is to train the skin to stand exposure. A very thin delicate skin freckles almost instantaneously. A firm strong skin is not apt to freckle at all. Which sort of skin will you have?"

"I wouldn't have my skin, I know," said Amy, vindictively—"not if I could help it. But what am I going to do? I've got it, and that's all there is to it. Freckles all summer—oh, I know!"

AFTER all," said Miss Pennington soothingly, "our skins are more or less what we make them. Now your mistake, Amy, is that you wash your face in hot water two or three times a day, steam it semi-occasionally, wrap it up and keep it warm when you are outdoors, and in every way accustom it to a hothouse atmosphere. Patty goes to the other extreme—never protects her skin from any kind of weather, and never thinks about

[Concluded on page 60]



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OUTWITTING OLD SOL

[Continued from page 58]

it, I imagine, until the first freckle appears. She doesn't mind sunburn, she doesn't mind tan, but she happens to have an unreasoning hatred of freckles, and so for that one reason, and no other, she remembers she has a complexion when there is the first hint of summer.

"I keep up my cold-cream application all the year round. If the skin has no oil and is dry, it burns readily, freckles under the least exposure, and, of course, tan follows in the trail of these two evils. The remedy is obvious—you must keep the skin oily, and the application of cold cream brings this about, while, at the same time, it overlays the skin itself and is a real shield from the sun. Of course, I do not mean that you are to put a palpable layer of cold cream over your skin; but if you will rub into your skin all the cold cream it will absorb—and, with a dry skin, the amount will surprise you—and then carefully wipe off all surplus until no greasiness is visible, there will still be an imperceptible layer of cream over your skin to act as a protection. And when you supplement it with a dust of pure powder, you have

donned a 'veil' which will be of more permanent help than Amy's yards of chiffon.

"Don't use hot water on the face at any time for cleansing purposes, not even when taking a hot bath. Wash it in warm water before you get into the tub; then let it share in the cool spray later, preceded by a tepid spray. After the cool spray, dash very cold water on the face. If you can stand the cold shower, face and all should share in it, but if you take only a cool shower or spray, then be sure to supplement it with the cold douche for the face.

"Also, don't forget before you wash the face with tepid water, to cleanse it first with a pad of cotton and a liberal application of cold cream. This will get off the surface dirt, and at the same time soften the skin and the contents of the pores.

"And, when summer really comes, wear broad-brimmed hats and use your cold-cream jar liberally, and the moment you have been more than usually exposed to the sun, take precautions as soon as you reach home. When the face is flaming with the burn of the sun, hot water is a remedy, applied in the form of steaming cloths, laid over the face, entirely covering it, and replaced by fresh ones almost before the first cool. This should be kept up for fifteen minutes or half an hour, then cold cream applied liberally, and the skin allowed to absorb it without rubbing.

Give the skin as many applications as you have time for, and that night, or the next day, when the burning of the skin has stopped, wash the face in sour milk to which grated horseradish has been added—a teaspoonful to one cup. Repeat two or three times a day. This sour-milk bath is a preventive of tan, and can be used at will all summer. Sweet-milk baths are also good for the skin, softening the secretions which fill the pores."

"And never wear a veil," said Amy reflectively.

"I didn't say that," said Miss Pennington

smilingly. "Don't swathe your face as you were doing, when it isn't necessary. But if you are going on a long hot motor-ride, or are to be exposed to a blistering sun in any other way, protect yourself with a chiffon veil, if you value your unfreckled little nose. Speaking of motor-rides, the eyes are apt to suffer from sunburn and wind. Anoint the lid-edges with warm vaseline the night before any extended trip, and rub quantities of cold cream in just before donning your motor bonnet. Even then, I advise goggles!"

Patty Ann rose from the window-seat with a deep sigh. "My, but it's an awful lot of trouble to be a girl!" she said.

Editor's Note.—Miss Beacon will be glad to send, upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope, a formula for a freckle remover.



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BUYING GOODNESS

By SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

Author of "Sons and Daughters," "Your Child To-day and To-morrow," etc.

IT was a good impulse. It came from a heart overflowing with gratitude. Mrs. Andrew awoke from her afternoon nap more refreshed and more cheerful than she had felt for a long time. It had been so quiet about the house, and it was still quiet; she felt that she had at last caught up with her sleep and it was natural that she should feel grateful. And when she heard the children's voices, as they were coming home, she was seized by a generous impulse.

"You've been so good this afternoon," was her greeting, "you can all have some extra jam with your bread and butter!"

The children were delighted with their extra jam, and they all wondered just which particular goodness was being rewarded, but they asked no questions. Instead they devoured the snack gaily and noisily. For Mrs. Andrew it was a pleasure to see them do it, and their noise did not disturb her as it usually did.

It was a good impulse. It is just as natural for most of us to feel this impulse to reward what pleases us, as it is to feel the impulse to punish what annoys us. But in one case, as in the other, the result of our action upon the person concerned may be quite different from what we expect, or what we desire. In dealing with children especially, it is important for us to consider the effect of our yielding to these impulses.

It is commonly asserted by men and women who are questioned about the wisdom of their rewards and punishments that these are useful inasmuch as they teach children their lessons. Rewards, it is said, teach them what is right, and punishments teach them what is wrong.

In the case of the Andrew children it happened that they had become engrossed in a game of hide-and-seek in the back yard of a friend's house, and they had enjoyed themselves hugely. They could not quite understand why they should be rewarded for being "so good," but they asked no questions. Perhaps they had a vague feeling that, after all, virtue is its own reward, or that to them that have shall be given, or something else equally mysterious. At any rate, the reward had its effect, for a few days later, the mother expressed the hope that they would be "good" again, as she was very tired. Therefore, they decided to play hide-and-seek; but this time, they played in their own back yard.

Of course, it would have been a simple matter in the first place to tell the children just what it was that had pleased their mother so much—not their being "so good" but their being so silent. On the other hand, there was no virtue in their silence, for they had played as hilariously as ever, and it was purely a matter of chance that their noise did not reach Mrs. Andrew. They had not been particularly thoughtful or solicitous about their mother's comfort; and they were in no sense entitled to a reward for the result of the accident.

Children do undoubtedly learn from the pleasant feelings that arise in connection with their activities. Whatever results in pleasure is likely to be repeated, just as acts that result in pain or suffering tend to be avoided. But life is so complex that we cannot depend upon the children to select always just the feature of any experience that results in happiness or satisfaction. They are like blind experimenters unable to pigeonhole their sensations.

A little girl of three developed a dislike for carrots, and her mother had difficulty in inducing her to eat this dish. One day her mother left her for a few minutes while she was eating her dinner, and in a fit of absent-mindedness the child cleared off her plate. When the mother came back and saw the empty plate, she was so pleased that she offered Nancy a second helping of dessert. The little girl was provoked at herself when she realized that she had eaten the carrots, but the offer of the reward soothed her for the time being. The next time, however, the absence of the mother from the room was seized as a favorable opportunity to move noiselessly into the kitchen and empty the plate into the garbage can. The mother expressed her approval, and congratulated herself on having overcome Nancy's foolish aversion. Later she discovered what had happened to the carrots, and in addition to feeling chagrined, she had to seek some way of punishing

the child for her deception. But Nancy could not understand why she should be rewarded in the first place for having done what she had not intended to do, or why she should be punished in the second place for having produced the same result—namely, an empty plate.

In the course of time, children learn what kind of conduct will meet approval, and what will meet disapproval. But for a long time they flounder about, guessing and trying out in a hit-or-miss fashion, hoping for the best and taking chances on the worst. If we are to be of help to them, we must establish connections between our rewards or approvals and the special elements in their conduct that we wish to preserve in habits. It is the fact that the child ate the carrots without making a fuss, not the fact that the plate was emptied. It is the fact that the child played quietly and without waking mother, not the fact that he made such a beautiful doll's house, or that he had such a glorious time away from the house.

There is another side to this impulse of rewarding what pleases us. This was brought out when a boy reported at home that a classmate of his had received a gold-piece for having "passed" in all his school subjects. James did not say it in so many words, but he was somewhat envious of his friend's good fortune. It was indeed a new idea to him, this getting of money for having completed the required work in school. To James it had been a matter of course;

[Continued on page 67]





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THE CRUSADE

[Continued from page 10]

pasture where out-cropping ledges, scrubby pine stretches, and a meandering brook, with several swampy ponds, constituted perfect natural hazards. They pulled up for a moment and sat enthralled by the rolling countryside.

"Great!" exclaimed Carey, and his companion nodded. "How those two can prefer golf to riding, beats me."

"And my husband plays an awful game," said Mrs. Lord. "Yet he's determined to enter the tourney. Will Mrs. Carey go in?"

Carey was watching Mollie's play. "Haven't heard her say," he observed. "Don't think she plays much of a game, either. Murder! Didn't know she was that bad, though!"

Mollie took her poor shots good-naturedly, and earnestly tried to improve under Lord's suggestions. He was one of those unhappy players whose minds grasp perfectly the science of the game, but whose muscles failed them at critical moments under the nervous strain of the desire to excel. Still, his playing was far and away beyond that of his companion. They were both so far out-classed by the other golfers, that they had naturally drifted together on the links, and the acquaintance had ripened into a friendly intercourse.

"Only two more days," sighed Carey as they dressed for dinner after a particularly enjoyable day. "And then, back to the grind. By the way, Girl," he went on, turning toward his wife, "let me congratulate you on your ripping good behavior. Haven't broken out about suffrage yet! Marvelous restraint!"

"Only two days? Why, so it is." Her eyes twinkled and again the sense of foreboding swept over him.

Dinner was very gay that night. The golf tourney, set for the next day, held first place in the talk, and much merriment was aroused by the announcement that Mrs. Carey and Mr. Lord had entered.

"I'll back my wife for a good sport," announced Carey. "How about your other half, Mrs. Lord?"

Before Mrs. Lord could reply, Mollie cut in! "Oh, Mr. Lord's a good sport, too," she declared. "A mighty good sport for an anti-suffragist."

Lord started in amazement, and Burton Carey seized his head in both hands with a hollow groan, exclaiming:

"It's come! Mine own peculiar wife in whom I trusted!"

"Shut up, Carey," laughed their host.

"Your metaphors are badly mixed. Let 'em go to it, I say. It was coming to Lord, anyway. Sick 'im, Mrs. Carey!"

Mollie "sicked 'im" with the best will in the world, and Lord met the assault

manfully. She wound up with an account of her first street-meeting, and the consequent crusade for the car which brought a laugh even from Lord, while the table rocked with hilarity and applause.

"Oh—Lord!" gasped Whitney, when he could speak. "You're beaten root and branch. You haven't a leg left to stand on—except, of course, your golf record!"

"And I'm going to shatter that tomorrow," smiled Mollie, audaciously. "What'll you bet I do, Mr. Lord? A car for the Union against—let me see—Oh, Burt's diamond sleeve links?"

Carey's protest was drowned in the shout that set the candle-shades a-quiver. Lord accepted the challenge, beamingly.

"It's a go, Mrs. Carey. I've been admiring those links for some time."

Mollie, sedulously avoiding her husband, said good night early and retired. Carey followed shortly, pursued by the banter of his friends.

He began to sputter vigorously at his wife as soon as he entered their room. "Mary Davenith Carey, this is about the limit! Why in thunder did you make a break like that? My links—the idea! They were great-grandfather Carey's, given him by Lafayette when he was on Washington's staff."

"You're not going to lose them, Lamb," was all she said, and snuggled down under the fleecy covers with a sigh of content.

"But, Mollie," urged Carey, "you know you haven't the ghost of a show. Of course, Lord's an awful duffer, but heavens! he doesn't hoe the ball the way you do."

"Good night," she interrupted blithely. "You must get up early and help me with a little practise if we're to keep the family heirlooms intact. I've set the alarm for four-thirty."

"By George, Madame, I will get up and see what you're up to," he promised.

There was a tonic-y tang in the air, as Mollie roused at the first bur-r-r of the alarm. She reached out to Carey's bed and shook him vigorously.

"Wake up, Burt. You're going out to give me some points on my game."

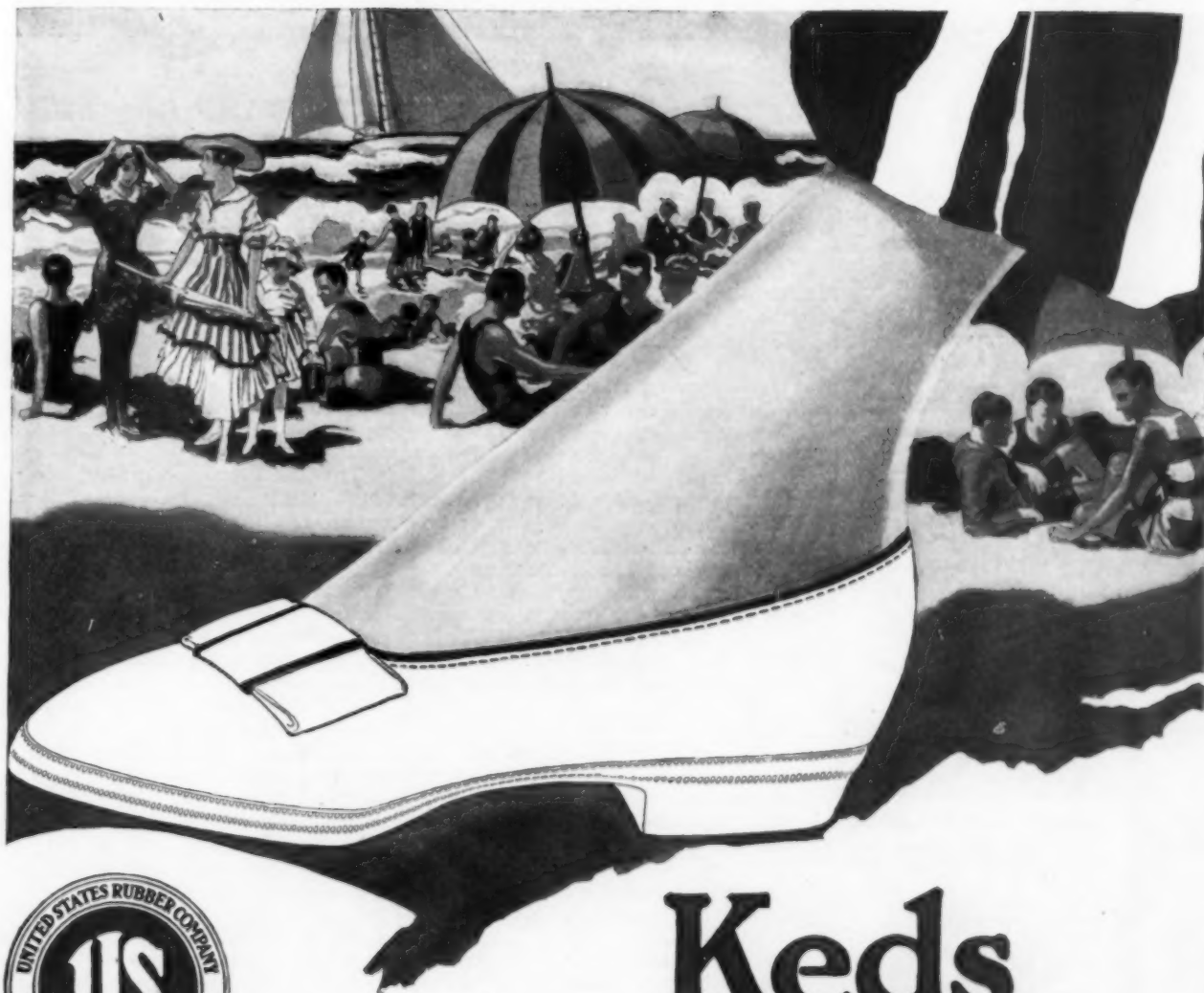
"Game? What game?" burbled Carey, sleepily. "Got your wires crossed, haven't you?" He wrenched himself from her grasp, and resumed his light snoring, immediately.

After she had been moving about a while, Carey opened his eyes, yawned prodigiously, stretched, and finally drew himself upon one elbow.

"Christmas, Mollie! It isn't five! What the—Oh, I remember. Why couldn't you let me forget my sorrow?"

Fifteen minutes later, they tiptoed,

[Continued on page 66]



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Thomas Mfg. Co., 5602 Elk St., Dayton, Ohio

THE CRUSADE

[Continued from page 64]

like culprits, through the darkened house, and out into the before-dawn freshness.

"There's going to be a lovely sunrise," said Mollie. "But we haven't time to think of it now. Give me the bag. I want to show you something."

She selected her driver and a ball, teed up, and, with only a moment of experimental balancing, made a perfect drive of what seemed to her husband a perfectly impossible distance.

"Some luck that," he exclaimed when he had recovered himself. "Wish you could have saved it for the game. Next!"

"Next" proved to be as good, or better, as were the third, and the fourth, and the fifth strokes. Then Burton Carey, racing after his wife, caught her by the arms and turned her about to face him.

"You hoary-headed rascal! You've been able to play all along! Poor old Lord; so he gets the double-cross, does he? Well, it's lucky you're a woman."

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because you'll be able to get away with it, no doubt; but if a man tried a stunt like this, he'd—Oh, let's get back."

She faced him pluckily. "He'd what?"

"Oh, well, it's the sort of thing that makes men 'antis' that's all."

A dull red clouded the rose in Mollie's cheeks. "Now you'll just please explain yourself, Burt Carey."

Carey looked her square in the eyes. "Well, betting on a dead-sure thing isn't considered ethical among men, my dear. It's hardly a sporting proposition, if you want the truth, and I didn't think it of you." He strode off and left her by the broken-down stone wall.

When Mrs. Carey reached the pergola at the edge of the sloping lawn, she met Mr. Lord with his bag of clubs. She managed a few words of greeting, and hastened into the house.

Everybody in the Whitney house-party swarmed out for the tourney, and half the neighborhood besides. Everybody was there except Mr. Carey, who had ordered a horse and ridden out into the hills.

Both contestants got off rather badly, Mollie skying, and Lord getting too much under his ball, but the second hole was played better by both, and then Mollie sprung her surprise in a screamer that landed fairly on the green, winning the hole in some beautiful strokes.

Lord, however, was showing unusual form. Something seemed to have steadied him. His control was perceptibly better. Mind you, neither was playing championship golf, but each was immeasurably better than was expected.

Once Mollie felt Lord's gaze riveted on her curiously, and, as she thought, a trifle patronizingly, when she was about to drive off the thirteenth tee; and she

topped her ball badly while Lord, playing just as badly, but with luck, jumped the difficult bunker, and, by a really excellent mid-iron shot, hole-high, and eight feet to the left of the pin, won the hole and put himself one up. That was enough for Mollie. With her fighting blood up, she began to play for all she was worth, throwing herself into the game with such energy that she forgot everything but the joy of the contest. So they neared the eighteenth hole tied.

The last hole was a gradual rise uphill, with a marshy creek off to one side, and plenty of boulders scattered about.

Mollie led off with a beautiful drive. Straight and true the little pellet flew, and her caddie raced joyously after. The course lay near the highway at this point, and, as Mollie hastened on, she caught a glimpse of her husband coming along.

His face was turned the other way, however, and she did not call to him as she might easily have done.

The caddie was searching about in the scrubby growth near the left of the green.

"Oh, Jimmy, it never went in that direction," she called to him. "Wait till I tie my shoe."

She dropped on one knee, and a sharp exclamation jolted from her lips. From beneath a clump of Canada thistle shone a gleam of white, and the missing ball leered up at her, a curved scar under its red spot giving it the curious likeness to a grinning, impish face only a short distance from its goal. Mollie sprang to her feet, and glanced hastily about her. Lord had made a pretty pitch to within a few yards of the pin, and was hurrying toward her with tense face. As he passed her, Mollie kicked the ball viciously away from its goal and moved slowly down the slope in the wake of it. Caddie Jim emerged from behind a big boulder as she neared him, and grumbled at every step.

"I sure seen it land nearer than this, Mis' Carey. I could of sworn she hit the aidge o' the green—"

"What's that white thing by that bunch of fern, Jimmy?" interrupted Mrs. Carey. "Looks like a ball to me."

"Well, it can't never be yorn, 'cause I seen—" He broke off regretfully. "Well, I declare to man! It is! . Doggone it, I recognize that there scar! Looks like a mouth, don't it? You'll want this?" He held up a club inquiringly. As she took it, he directed her attention to Mr. Lord.

"He's up in the air, Mis' Carey! Did ya see his hand trem'lin'? I seen it plain. He always gits like that when he's done a good one. You got a chanct yet." He pushed the mashie into her hands, and she played a perfect shot, landing close to her opponent's ball. It was masterly work

[Concluded on page 84]

BUYING GOODNESS

[Continued from page 63]

and it is only fair to ask why "rewards" were needed in the case of Robert.

We do not need to use rewards to induce children to do what they already like to do. Robert's parents were offering money as an incentive for effort that they could see no other way to arouse. What was the likely effect of this method? It is hardly to be expected that Robert would ever learn to love his studies, or that he would in time acquire the habit of doing his school work effectively as a matter of routine. With the interest fixed upon a reward in no way related to the activities demanded by the school, the probabilities were rather that he would abandon study the moment the inducement was withdrawn.

On the other hand, this association of a reward with activities that should long ago have become a matter of interest or a matter of course with the child, tends to confuse values in a truly demoralizing fashion. The child should know, as a result of his experience, that many of the things he does every day are done for his own benefit, and not for others. Teacher and parents approve good work of all kinds; but this work is done neither for the teachers nor for the parents.

With a very young child it is sometimes legitimate to offer an inducement that is not related to what we expect of him, until he acquires some habit—as when he is learning to dress himself or to put his things away. But as rapidly as the child's experience and understanding grow, the level of his motives should be raised to correspond. When he is quite capable of dressing himself, the attention should be shifted to neatness, or speed; and then the inducements can be shifted to higher considerations than a cookie or a penny. When a child comes to school, there should be enough interest in the work itself, or in the obvious results. To offer materialistic rewards is to miss the whole purpose of schooling.

It is legitimate also to offer rewards for overcoming various temptations; but the reward should always be in keeping with the child's development and dignity. And as the child grows older, the intervals for practise or demonstration of his new mastery should be lengthened. With a five- or six-year-old child, a visit to the circus or to some entertainment can be made contingent upon a week of special effort—as in table manners, for example; but with a nine- or ten-year-old child, a month should not be too long a span to look ahead.

If we look upon rewards as payment for what pleases us, we shall be exposed to an endless chain of blackmail—and the children will suffer even more. Rewards

[Concluded on page 75]



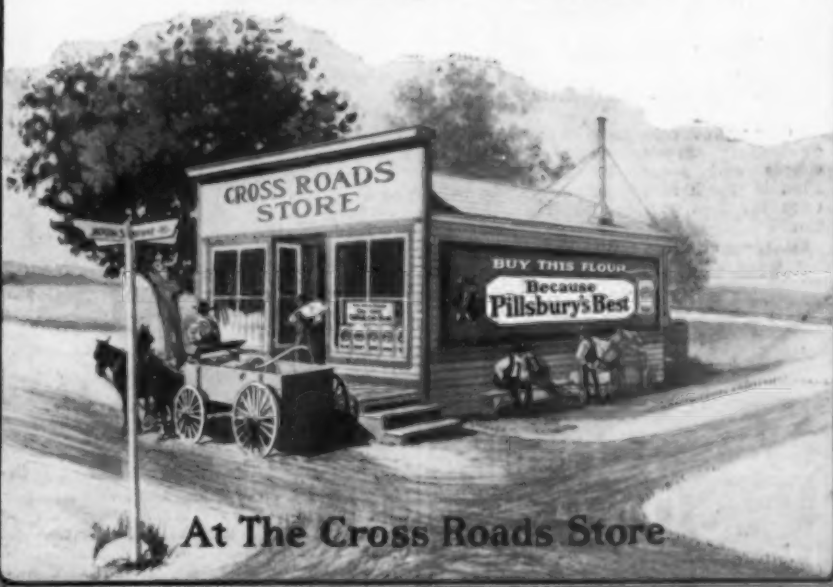
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JAP ROSE SOAP

LATHERS INSTANTLY

A WEEK'S MENUS FOR NINE

By BESSIE G. MASTERS

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Masters received the first prize of \$15 recently for contributing to Our Balanced-Meal Contest the best variety of menus at a minimum cost.

ECONOMY of money, of food material, and of time in the preparation of meals, have all been considered in planning for my family of nine, consisting of two adults, a boy of 17 and girl of 15, a boy of 13, one of 11, and girls of 9, 6, and 3 years. I have

never had a case of sickness and all my children are healthy and sturdy.

The menus given below I have planned for a seven-day schedule, with only a variation of the season's fruit. No rich pastries or doughnuts are allowed, while a taste for raw fruit and simple salads have been cultivated from babyhood. As a rule no meat or potato is given for breakfast. I consider that a fairly generous portion of meat served once a day furnishes more nutriment than small portions will if served three times a day.

BALANCED MEALS FOR FAMILY OF NINE

SUNDAY		LUNCHEON	
BREAKFAST	Cost		Cost
Steamed rice, diced figs, whole milk.....	\$.15	Cream-of-pea soup, crackers.....	\$.12
Oatmeal cookies.....	.05	Rice-date pudding, foamy sauce.....	.16
Creamed Tuna fish.....	.10	Apples.....	.09
Cocoa.....	.03	Total.....	\$.37
Total.....	\$.33		
LUNCHEON		DINNER	
Corn chowder, crackers.....	\$.25	Tomato soup.....	\$.12
Graham bread, butter.....	.07	Hamburg steak.....	.25
Baked bananas.....	.11	Boiled potatoes.....	.10
Total.....	\$.43	Cabbage.....	.08
		Apple sauce, cake.....	.14
		Total.....	\$.69
DINNER		WEDNESDAY	
Lentil soup.....	\$.09	BREAKFAST	Cost
Baked blue fish, Hollandaise sauce.....	.25	Oranges.....	\$.12
Corn, escalloped asparagus.....	.12	Cooked cereal, whole milk.....	.09
Lettuce-and-potato salad.....	.09	Codfish balls.....	.12
Cottage pudding with foamy sauce.....	.12	Popovers.....	.05
Total.....	\$.67	Cocoa.....	.03
		Total.....	\$.41
MONDAY		LUNCHEON	
BREAKFAST	Cost		Cost
Hominy, whole milk.....	\$.09	Cream-of-potato soup, crackers.....	.09
Scrambled egg.....	.05	Creamy rice, raisin sauce.....	.08
Baked apples, cream.....	.12	Baked apples.....	.04
Cocoa.....	.03	Cocoa.....	.03
Total.....	\$.30	Total.....	\$.24
LUNCHEON		DINNER	
Oyster stew, crackers.....	\$.14	Cream-of-spinach soup.....	\$.08
Boston brown bread.....	.05	Beef stew, dumplings.....	.45
Tomato-and-lettuce salad.....	.10	Mashed potato.....	.12
Cocoa.....	.03	Creamed carrots.....	.04
Total.....	\$.33	Cold slaw.....	.03
		Raspberry jelly.....	.10
		Whipped cream.....	.15
		Total.....	\$.97
DINNER		THURSDAY	
Tomato soup.....	\$.08	BREAKFAST	Cost
Mutton pie.....	.20	Uncooked cereal, dates, whole milk.....	\$.12
Boiled rice, creamed celery.....	.11	Rice fritters, maple syrup.....	.10
Cold slaw.....	.10	Cocoa.....	.03
Orange pudding.....	.12	Total.....	\$.25
Total.....	\$.61		
TUESDAY		LUNCHEON	
BREAKFAST	Cost		Cost
Cooked cereal, diced dates, whole milk.....	\$.14	Split-pea soup.....	\$.06
Corn muffins.....	.05	Fruit salad.....	.17
Omelet.....	.11	Cup custard.....	.11
Cocoa.....	.03	Total.....	\$.34
Total.....	\$.33		

[Continued on page 69]

A WEEK'S MENUS FOR NINE

[Continued from page 68]

DINNER	Cost
Baked-bean soup	\$.09
Crackers05
Beef loaf28
Creamed onions09
Chocolate pudding11
Total	\$.62

FRIDAY	Cost
BREAKFAST	
Uncooked cereal	\$.10
Huckleberry juice02
Poached eggs20
Graham muffins08
Cocoa03
Total	\$.43

LUNCHEON	Cost
Bouillon, crackers	\$.15
Macaroni-cheese17
Lettuce-tomato salad06
Cocoa03
Total	\$.41

DINNER	Cost
Barley soup, crackers	\$.09
Belgian hare ragout40
Escalloped potatoes12
Diced beets03
Asparagus, French dressing15
Peaches, lady-fingers20
Total	\$.99

SATURDAY	Cost
BREAKFAST	
Cornmeal mush, whole milk	\$.09
Banana fritters, honey14
Stewed apricots05
Cocoa03
Total	\$.31

LUNCHEON	Cost
Lima-bean soup	\$.06
Cornmeal muffins09
Date-cornstarch pudding10
White sauce05
Total	\$.30

DINNER	Cost
Cream-of-celery soup, crackers	\$.08
Baked beans, tomato sauce14
Mashed potatoes08
Brown gravy02
Cauliflower07
Beets, water cress06
Orange tapioca, cookies15
Total	\$.60

I keep my grocery bill at the maximum limit of \$30 per month; milk at \$6; butter at \$4; and meat at \$4; totaling, \$44. I buy my meat once a week only and at the big public market, and purchase after 6 P. M. I have a fine place to keep it fresh, but all is utilized within three days. Soup stock is strained, beef loaf made, some is sealed in glass jars for the fourth day's use. I buy regularly 2 quarts of

[Concluded on page 79]



Another Great Advantage in Using ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Saves eggs and produces food just as appetizing and delicious at lower cost. The usual number of eggs may be reduced one-half or more in most recipes and often left out altogether by adding a small quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

Try the following recipes and see how well this plan works. You must use Royal Baking Powder to obtain the best results.

A cake that is especially economical. Requires only one egg.



Cream Layer Cake

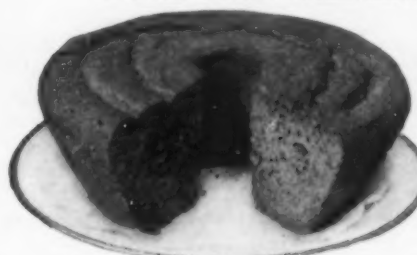
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons butter 1 egg
1 cup sugar 1 cup milk
2 cups flour 1 teaspoon flavoring
DIRECTIONS:—Cream the sugar and butter together, then mix in the egg. After sifting the flour and baking powder together two or three times, add it all to the mixture. Gradually add the milk and beat with spoon until you have a smooth pour batter. Add the flavoring. Pour into two buttered layer cake tins and bake in a moderately hot oven for 20 minutes.

Put together with Cream Filling and cover top and sides with White Icing

CREAM FILLING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar 2 tablespoons cornstarch 1 cup milk 1 teaspoon butter 1 teaspoon flavoring
DIRECTIONS:—Mix cornstarch with a little of the cold milk and stir into boiling milk. Add butter and sugar; boil 5 minutes. When nearly cold, add flavoring and spread between layers.
(The old method called for 3 eggs)

An unusually nourishing cake, exceptionally pleasing in flavor.



Potato Chocolate Cake

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
2 cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chocolate
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice
1 cup mashed potatoes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup chopped nuts
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves

DIRECTIONS:—Cream shortening, add sugar, melted chocolate and mashed potatoes, mix well. Beat eggs separately and add yolks to the first mixture. Add milk and dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Beat well. Add nuts, vanilla and beaten whites of eggs. Mix thoroughly and bake in greased loaf tin in moderate oven one hour.

(The old method called for 4 eggs)

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ROANOKE PHOTO FINISHING CO.
(Formerly Roanoke Cycle Co.) 23 Bell Ave., ROANOKE, VA.

PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 24]

narrow moldings painted a shade darker than the paper. For reception-rooms, where the note of formality is desirable, and for bedrooms and boudoirs, where the color scheme is warm enough to supply the necessary intimacy, brush-tint paper is wonderfully effective.

FOR houses of the bungalow type, tinted plaster, in a rough finish, may be used in connection with wainscoting. This is a permanent and inexpensive wall treatment. As pictures do not look well against such a background, the color should be so mellow and satisfying that further decoration will be unnecessary.

Walls that are not strikingly beautiful in themselves, often become so by contrast with their surroundings. Foliage is never so decorative as when it forms a background for a flower. So the woman in moderate circumstances who wishes her home to possess artistic distinction, may safely fall back upon wall-paper—even cheap wall-paper if necessary—and be sure of achieving satisfactory results.

As wall coverings apparently affect the size and shape of a room, this phase of decorating should be fully appreciated. Dark colors contract; light colors expand. Cheerless rooms should be finished in live colors; rooms that are too light can be made reposeful by quiet colors.

Yellow, in one of its values, is the only color that should ever be considered for a sunless room. Blue will make an irritatingly light room as restful as the sky, and green will impart to the hot, sunny room, the coolness of the sea.

WHEN a wall is low, and we wish it to appear high, we cover it with stripes—without striving for a zebra effect—and our innocent eyes, following them to the end, record their impressions upon our subconscious minds. When a ceiling is too high, we change its aloofness to neighborliness by coaxing it down to a lowered picture-molding, or by using a wide frieze which breaks the long line of the side wall.

Ceilings should always be lighter than the side walls. The necessary atmosphere of space and freedom can best be obtained by frescoing or papering in ivory, cream, or putty.

Small rooms, or those having broken wall spaces, should be decorated in monotonous. Where there are plastered spaces to be decorated between wood-panels, match the color of the wood as nearly as possible, either in paint or paper.

In many homes that are furnished in good taste, the walls of each floor are

decorated in various shades of one color. As there is a wide variety of papers from which to choose, each room may have its distinctive finish and design. This plan always insures restfulness and harmony without a hint of monotony.

When planning decorations, the first room to be considered is the living-room. For example, we will imagine a house where the

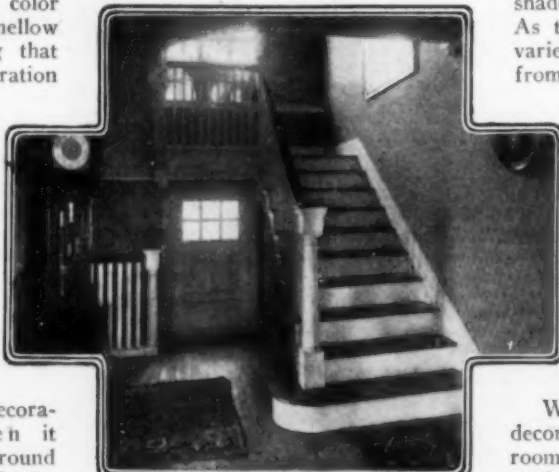
living-room trim is finished in fumed oak, and where warm tans and browns are to predominate upon the walls of the first floor. For this room, we will choose Japanese grass-cloth in a rich, golden color. While it costs from three and a half to five dollars a roll if eight yards, it is double the width of ordinary wall-paper. An effective imitation grass-paper can be purchased for a dollar or a dollar and a-half a roll.

For the dining-room, a tapestry paper in tans and russet browns would be lovely. If there is a wainscoting or plate-rail, the paper goes above it to the ceiling. Below the plate-rail, use a plain paper harmonizing in color.

For the hall, use either a cartridge or texture paper harmonizing with the living-room decorations, or an indistinct stripe in a two-toned paper, or a nondescript and reposeful all-over, combining the colors of living- and dining-rooms. Should the hall be dark, a cream or tan fabric paper would be good.

For the library or den, nothing is better than Japanese leather—(which, by the way, is paper)—or a silk fiber-paper.

[Concluded on page 83]



WALL OF ENTRANCE HALL DONE IN A REPOSEFUL ALL-OVER PAPER

"I'm So Proud of My Table When It's Set With Klever Kraft Silverware!"

"JUST a piece here and there and the whole table is 'livened up.' My friends say, 'What lovely pieces—they are so novel—they must have been very expensive!' But they are surprised when I tell them how reasonable the prices are."

Klever Kraft Silverware is silver plate with removable linings of earthenware or glass. It comes in a wide variety of pieces for many table uses. It is inexpensively priced, but it would not be more beautiful if it cost three times as much.

It will last for years with the slightest attention. Very easy to care for. You don't use hot water. Don't even use soap. If soiled, just wipe it off with a damp cloth. The hard Klever Kraft Finish protects it.

Be sure to look for KLEVER KRAFT SILVERWARE stamped into every piece. It guarantees you genuine Klever Kraft Silverware—made by an honored New England house, over 107 years in business.

HAVE SOME KLEVER KRAFT SILVERWARE ON YOUR TABLE

If your favorite store does not carry Klever Kraft Silverware, write us direct. We will see that you are supplied promptly. Simply tell us the pieces you are interested in.

SEND FOR THIS BOOK FOR HOUSEWIVES

Send 6c for a really valuable recipe book, "The Last Word in Casserole Cooking and Serving," by the well-known cookery expert, Marion Harris Nell. Besides tempting new recipes, it gives many table hints and shows how Klever Kraft Silverware will "dress up" your table. Send for it today.

Folder showing complete line free. Address: American Ring Company, 655 Bank Street, Waterbury, Conn.

KLEVER KRAFT SILVERWARE



AMERICAN CHICLE SOCIETY

Adams
California
Fruit
Chewing
Gum

ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT CHEWING GUM

WITH THE FRUITY FLAVOR

MARION DAVIES, appearing in "Oh, Boy!" at the Princess Theatre, New York, says: "All of California's Fruits combined could not be more delightful than the flavor of Adams California Fruit Gum. It is delicious."

Marion Davies

UNCLE SAM'S KITCHEN BRIGADE

START YOUR FRUIT AND VEGETABLE CANNING NOW

By S. B. MOSHER



EVER in the history of our country was the housewife more needed to exercise her culinary ability in the nation-wide campaign for food conservation. In the months to come, she must not only utilize every bit of edible food that comes into her kitchen but she must also produce food in her own garden or farm and can the same for a reserve supply against the testing days ahead. Here is her opportunity for patriotic service. She may not join the ranks of fighting men in field or trenches, but she may give of her best toward the maintenance of a national kitchen brigade, without which the efforts of the men at the front will be futile.

Of course, the extent of her culinary services depends largely on the size of her farm or garden and the kinds of fruit and vegetables she is able to grow this summer. June and July are early months for harvesting; yet between the first of June and the first of August, under normal agricultural conditions, the following fruits and vegetables should be ready for market:

VEGETABLES.—Asparagus, beans, beets, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, Swiss chard, cress, okra, parsley, peas, rhubarb, spinach, and peppers.

FRUITS.—Apricots, blackberries, blueberries, cherries, currants, gooseberries, mulberries, plums, raspberries, and strawberries.

The canning of the early summer fruits and vegetables is a simple procedure. For the beginner, however, a few general observations should be remembered. For instance, the housewife should know the difference between the "open kettle method," the "cold water method," the "cold pack method," and the "fireless-cooker method." The "open kettle method" is the name applied when the fruits are cooked in the open kettle and then transferred to sterilized jars. This works fairly well, but there is a danger, in transferring the fruit, of bacteria and spores entering the material.

The "cold water method" is good for very sour fruit. The product is thoroughly washed, packed into a jar, and the can or jar filled to overflowing with pure cold water. The "cold pack method," which is the commonest, provides that the produce be packed into a jar and sterilized in the can. The jar is filled with boiling water or syrup, the top adjusted and partially sealed, and then the jar and its contents sterilized at once.

The "fireless-cooker method" is similar to the "cold pack method" and is successful with small fruits which are packed into the sterilized jars. The jars are filled with hot syrup, the rubber and top adjusted and the jar completely sealed. Then it is placed in hot water in the fireless-cooker kettle, covered with water, brought to a boil, and left standing over night.

As to certain terms used in canning, the following explanations cover the commonest:

Scalding.—Place products in a cheese-cloth or wire sieve; lower into a kettle of scalding water for 1 or 2 minutes, and follow by the cold dip. This kills the bacteria.

Blanching.—Place products in a cheese-cloth or wire sieve; lower into a kettle of boiling water and let boil from 3 to 15 minutes; follow by the cold dip. This cleanses thoroughly, removes strong odor, and improves the texture.

Cold dip.—Plunge wire basket or cheese-cloth containing the products in cold water and remove immediately. This makes the fruit firm.

There is no set rule for making syrup for canned fruit. The amount of sugar used will depend on the individual taste; but it is well to remember that too thick a syrup destroys the value of the canned product as a partial substitute for fresh fruits in the diet.

Below are given directions for canning the fruits already alluded to, as being marketable throughout June and July. The "cold pack method" is used in almost every case.

APRICOTS AND PLUMS.—Select fruit of uniform ripeness; scald, and plunge into cold water and the skin can be easily removed. The fruit may be canned with the skin on if preferred. If the pits are left in, they give a flavor to the fruit which is desired by many. Place the rubber on and pack the fruit into the jar.

Make a syrup of one cup of sugar and four cups of water. When the sugar is dissolved and the syrup begins to boil, fill the jars with the boiling syrup. Adjust tops and partially tighten, place jars on rack and lower into canner containing hot water. Place the lid on the canner, heat for 16 minutes, remove the jars, tighten the tops, and cool away from draught.

BERRIES.—Pick over, wash, and stem the berries. Use a colander or sieve in washing them in order to prevent handling or bruising. Place the rubbers in position and fill the jars with the berries, packing them as tightly as possible without crushing.

Make a syrup using the proportions given below. When the sugar is completely dissolved and the syrup begins to boil, fill the jar with the boiling syrup. Adjust the top and partially tighten. Place jars upon rack and lower at once into canner containing hot water. Place the lid on the canner and sterilize for 16 minutes. Remove the jars, tighten the tops and set to cool away from draught.

Proportions for syrup.—(1) Blackberries, blueberries, dewberries, logan berries, mulberries, raspberries—One cup of sugar to four cups of water.

(2) Strawberries—One cup of sugar to one cup of water. This proportion of sugar gives a good color.

(3) Cranberries, currants, and gooseberries—One cup of sugar to three cups of water.

CHERRIES.—Wash and remove the stems of cherries and can with or without removing the stones. If stoned, care should be taken to save all the juice. Place the rubbers in position and fill the jars with cherries, packing as tightly as possible without crushing. For sour cherries, make a syrup using one cup of sugar and three cups of cherry juice. For sweet cherries make a syrup using one cup of sugar and four cups of cherry juice. If there is not enough cherry juice to complete the measure, add water. When sugar is completely dissolved and the syrup begins to boil, fill the jars with the boiling syrup, adjust the tops, and partially tighten. Place the jars upon the rack and lower them on it at once into a canner containing hot water. Place the lid on the canner and sterilize for 16 minutes. Remove jars, tighten tops, and do not let a draught strike them while cooling or they may break.

As to summer vegetables, the following are the simplest directions for procuring the best canning results:

LIMA BEANS, STRING BEANS, PEAS, OKRA, ETC.—Can day vegetables are picked. Cull, string, and grade. Blanch in boiling hot water for two to five minutes. Remove and plunge quickly into cold water. Pack in container until full.

[Continued on page 74]

Made In Summer Weights

Rubens Shirts come in appropriate warm weather weights—in cool material that keeps baby comfortable. The coat shape and absence of buttons insures perfect fit and makes dressing easy.

These perfect shirts have been a blessing to babies for 23 years. All babies should wear them—all mothers can afford them. Prices from 25c to \$2.50.

Sizes, every age from birth. Materials—cotton, merino, all-wool, silk, and silk and wool.

Sold by most dry goods and children's specialty shops. Where dealers can't supply, we will sell direct. Write for pictures, and list of sizes and prices.



We also make coat-fitting, two-button union suits for children from 2 to 10 years old. They come in cotton, merino and all wool. Prices from \$1.00 up.

RUBENS & MARBLE, INC.
2 No. Market Street Chicago

Be Sure
It's a —

Rubens
Infant Shirt



The Daring Perfume Test
A daring and impartial test by a jury of representative women was repeated by more than 120,000 others. It proved the superiority of Colgate's compared with the vaunted foreign perfumes. If you wish to make the same test send 2c for the Test Material. Address Dept. L.

THE delicate fragrance of fresh flowers caught with subtle skill and blended with rare art—that is the secret of the exquisite Colgate Perfumes.

Colgate & Co. New York

COLGATE'S *Perfumes*



The underarm should be smooth for most gowns.

Secure X-Bazin powder from your druggist, apply it, and note how quickly, harmlessly and effectively the hair disappears. In use over fifty years. Doctors endorse it. 50c and \$1.00 at druggists or send direct to

HALL & RUCKEL, 228 Washington Street, New York



Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

In three hours you can have just the prettiest curls and waves! And they remain a long time, when Liquid Silmerine is used before rolling the hair in curlers.

Liquid Silmerine

is perfectly harmless. Easily applied with brush. Hair is nice and fluffy when combed out. Silmerine is also a splendid dressing. Keeps hair fine and glossy. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

UNCLE SAM'S KITCHEN BRIGADE

[Continued from page 73]

Add boiling hot water to fill crevices. Add one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Place rubbers and tops in position. Partially seal, but not tight. Sterilize in hot-water bath outfit one period of 120 minutes. Remove jars. Tighten covers and invert to cool. Wrap jars in paper and store.

VEGETABLE GREENS: ASPARAGUS, CABBAGE, CHARD, CRESS, PARSLEY, AND SPINACH.—Prepare and can the day picked. Sort and clean. Blanch in a vessel with a little water under false bottom or in a regular steamer, 15 to 20 minutes. Remove. Plunge quickly into cold water. Cut in convenient lengths. Pack tight in jar or container and season to taste; add a little chipped beef and olive oil. Add hot water to fill crevices, and a level teaspoonful of salt to each quart. If using glass jars, place rubber and top in position, partially seal; if using tin cans, cap and tip completely. Sterilize 90 minutes in hot-water bath outfit. Remove from canner. Tighten covers. Invert to cool. Wrap in paper to prevent bleaching and store.

CAULIFLOWER, CARROTS, BEETS.—Grade for size, color, and degree of ripeness. Wash thoroughly. Use vegetable brush. Scald in boiling hot water sufficiently to loosen skin. Plunge quickly in cold water. Scrape or pare to remove skin. Pack whole or cut in sections or cubes, as required by the home or market standard. Add boiling hot water and one level teaspoonful of salt to the quart. Place rubbers and tops in position. Partially seal, but not tight. Sterilize 90 minutes in hot-water bath outfit. Remove and tighten covers.

PEPPERS, GREEN AND RED.—Wash, cut a slice from stem end of each pepper, and remove seeds. Blanch, then plunge into cold water. Place the rubbers in position and fill the jars with whole or sliced peppers, packing as closely as possible. Add one teaspoonful of salt to each quart of peppers, and fill the jars with boiling water. Adjust tops and partially tighten. Place jars upon rack and lower into a hot bath outfit. Sterilize 15 minutes. Remove, tighten tops, and set out of draught to cool.

RHUBARB.—Because of its extreme acidity, rhubarb can be safely canned without processing. Select young, tender rhubarb and cut either into two-inch pieces or into lengths to fit the can when placed vertically. Pack in sterilized jars in vertical rows. Cover with fresh cold water and allow jars to stand ten minutes.

[Concluded on page 82]

When answering advertisements kindly mention McCALL'S MAGAZINE

LITTLE GIFTS FOR MOTORISTS

By AGNES ATHOL

ARE you wondering how to reciprocate the courtesies of your motorist friend who picks you up now and then on a street corner while you are waiting for a trolley, and whirls you home in a magical sort of way? Perhaps you have even taken open-country drives with him or her, or been helped in an emergency to get the doctor or catch a train. As a return courtesy you can bestow upon him some one of the many little accessories all motorists would like to have.

An electric torch, for instance, is invaluable for working around the car in the shadows of the garage, or for reading the speedometer at night, or finding the switch or the matches. Be sure to select one that has smooth ends and sides like a lead pencil, so that when it lies in the tool box the glass is not endangered nor the button pressed accidentally, burning out the battery.

Another possibility is a little gage to measure the tire inflation, costing but a dollar, and coming in a case like a pocket knife.

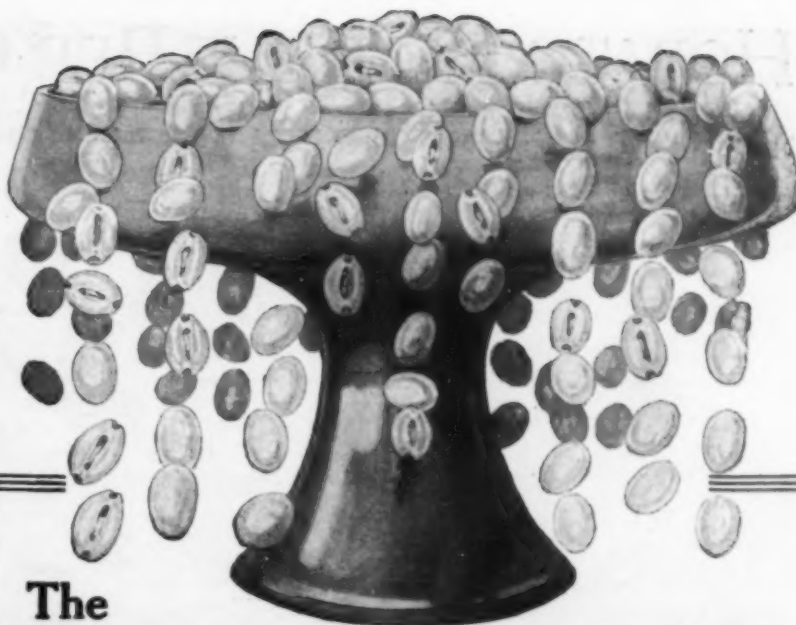
Again, a minute stove that burns solidified alcohol is a motorist's luxury that can be bought at the drug-store, department store, or hardware shop. A vacuum bottle and a percolating coffee-pot, packed in a protecting case, are also acceptable. So is a grease gun or a filtering funnel, which is a necessity when putting in gasoline.

When cold weather comes on, see if your motorist friend knows about priming plugs. They have a little handle that lifts out the upper part so that raw gasoline, for easy starting, may be poured into the cylinders. A set of new spark plugs, a reserve inner tube, a blow-out patch for the entire outer shoe, a set of chains, all these are little things about a car that are constantly wearing out and that will always be wanted. Every store for accessories has plenty of other suggestions. Every automobile show offers dozens more. Don't feel that the man who owns an automobile is too rich for attentions like these. He'll probably appreciate them the more because they are so rare.

BUYING GOODNESS

[Continued from page 67]

are valuable in their effects upon the conduct of children in that they may determine what kinds of habits the children will form for later years. Most important of all, however, is their effect upon children's scale of values in life. Our most generous impulses, therefore, need to be scrutinized for the benefit of the children.



The Puffed Wheat Dish

As Every Child Would Like It—
Constantly Overflowing

To the youthful lovers of Puffed Wheat and Rice, no dish seems large enough.

You know how it is—you mothers who have served them. Again and again, the bowls come back for refilling.

There is never so much that the end of the dish doesn't leave a desire for more. For these bubbles of grain—airy, flaky and nut-like—are delightful food confections.



Puffed Grains in Milk

Why Do You Stint Them?

Consider these facts, Mrs. Housewife.

These are whole grains, filled with all the elements that youthful bodies need. They are not partial foods, like most things. They are not unbalanced, so digestion is upset.

They are two of Nature's premier foods.

By Prof. Anderson's process—shooting from guns—every food cell is exploded. So every granule feeds.

No other grain food offers that advantage.

When such foods come in such likable form, why not let the children have them in abundance?

Puffed Grains are not mere breakfast cereals. They are savory, crusty morsels to be mixed with any fruit. They are flimsy, toasted bubbles to float in bowls of milk.

They are nut-like tidbits for eating between meals. Douse them with melted butter. Use them in candy making, or as garnish for ice cream. They are ideal wafers for soups.

Such perfect foods, made so enticing, should be served in many ways.



Puffed Grains Mixed with Fruit

**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1529)

HOW TO HELP THE RED CROSS—NOW!

ARMY AND NAVY LOOK TO THE WOMEN OF THE COUNTRY TO PROVIDE FOR THE COMFORT OF THE WOUNDED AND CONVALESCENT



McCALL PATTERN "SPECIAL C," HOSPITAL RED SHIRT, BACK CLOSING. THE BUTTONS ARE ENTIRELY REPLACED BY TAPES

But without definite co-ordination and the following out of approved instructions, all these well-intended efforts may result in great confusion and waste of material, time, and effort, both in production and in distribution. It is essential, therefore, that misdirected effort and waste should be minimized and that, at the same time, the army and navy should be guaranteed that all needed material will be supplied in the right quantities and of the right kind, in the right place.

As an efficient means for the discharge of this obligation, the Red Cross Supply Service has been organized as an integral part of the department of Military relief.

To insure a really practical and uniform type of garment with clear instructions as to its

DOCTORS and nurses are the spokes of the great wheel of the Red Cross, but there are holes in the hub and the rim which hold the spokes in place, just as there are men and women behind the doctors and nurses who make Red Cross work more effective. Every one cannot be a doctor or a nurse, but each and all can fill an important small part in this great organization.

There is a certain amount of romance about nursing the sick and the wounded which many women respond to, especially when these sick and wounded may happen to be their own soldiers. The Red Cross, however, enrolls only trained nurses between the ages of 25 and 40, who have had no less than two years in a general hospital, handling at least fifty patients a day. It is not surprising therefore, that only very few of the many who wish to enlist are eligible. The others need not despair, however, for there is work in plenty for all women over the country. Sewing may not seem to many as romantic as nursing the wounded upon the battlefield, but without it the nursing might be useless.

The doctors and nurses require operating gowns, helmets and caps; patients need bed shirts, pajamas, convalescent robes and socks. It is in the making of these garments that a woman can find her opportunity to help her country now.

making, the Red Cross, at the beginning of the war in Europe, adopted McCall patterns, specially approved by them for distribution from their headquarters to all women who were anxious to make up the garments most needed for hospital service and the wounded.

Since the entry of our country into the war, the demand for these patterns has so increased that it seems desirable to relieve the National Headquarters of the responsibility of distributing them. They can now be had from all McCall agencies or direct from the McCall Company.

All information regarding the distribution and final destination of these garments, and any other information needed may be obtained from The National Headquarters of the American Red Cross, Washington, D. C., or from the nearest chapter of the American Red Cross. This chapter will also take care of forwarding the finished garments to the warehouse of the Red Cross Supply Service, from where they will be shipped directly to the place where they are needed for immediate use.

The McCall Patterns specially made for the purposes of the American Red Cross are specified on the opposite page. They contain the same clear and complete instructions which characterize all McCall Patterns. They also contain an enumeration of all suitable materials.



"SPECIAL P," THE RED CROSS RECOMMENDS SOFT GRAYS, PLAIN OR STRIPED OUTING FLANNEL FOR PAJAMAS



"SPECIAL O," IS MADE FROM A BLANKET AND PROVES EQUALLY PRACTICAL AS BATHROBE OR CONVALESCENT GOWN



THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, IN RED CROSS CHAPTER, IN CLUB, CHURCH GUILD, AND SMALL HOME, WOMEN ARE DOING THEIR "BIT" FOR THE SOLDIERS

McCall Pattern "Special C," Men's Hospital Bed Shirt; Back Closing. Cut in two sizes; 18 and 20 inches neck. Price, 10 cents. Measurements and description on pattern envelope.



DIRECTING THE ACTIVITIES OF THE WOMEN THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY FROM HEADQUARTERS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

MISS JANE A. DELANO,
CHAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL
COMMITTEE ON NURSING SERVICE



MISS CLARA D. NOYES,
DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF NURSING SERVICE

McCall Pattern "Special R," Surgeons' and Nurses' Operating Gown. Cut in two sizes; 16 and 17 inches neck measure. Price, 10 cents. Measurements and description on pattern envelope.



McCALL PATTERN "Special B," OPERATING GOWN FOR SURGEONS AND NURSES

McCall Pattern "Special O," Convalescent Gown or Bath Robe. Cut in one size. Price, 10 cents. To be made from a single blanket, 72 x 90 inches, or double blanket, 72 x 84 inches. Soft browns, grays or blues are preferable. Measurements and detailed description on pattern envelope.

McCall Pattern "Special P," Men's Pajamas. Cut in two sizes; 38 and 42 inches breast measure. Price, 10 cents. Soft grays, plain or striped outing flannel are recommended; also equivalent quality gingham. Measurements and detailed description on pattern envelope.

McCall Pattern "Special S," Operating Cap and Helmet. Cut in one size. Price, 10 cents. Measurements and detailed description on pattern envelope.

McCall Pattern "Special T," Operating Leggings. Cut in one size. Price, 10 cents. Width, about 29 inches. Measurements and detailed description on pattern envelope.

McCall Pattern "Special W," Shoulder Wrap and Bed Sock. Cut in one size. To be made from outing flannel or bathrobe cloth or equivalent quality. Price, 10 cents. Measurements and detailed description on pattern envelope.



RED CROSS NURSE IN OPERATING GOWN AND OPERATING HELMET



Nujol^{for} Constipation

Overcoming the difficulties of the nursing mother

If nursing mothers will only realize that practically everything they take for constipation just before and during the nursing period affects the infant, they will realize the tremendous benefit to be derived from taking Nujol.

Nujol is not absorbed into the system and therefore will not upset the mother's stomach or harm the infant in any way.

Many nursing mothers have already discovered the wonderful properties of Nujol and have written telling us of their relief and happiness.

Nujol is not habit forming; the longer you take it, the less you need it. Nujol does not gripe, relieves you of straining, does not weaken (even when taken in large quantities), it is not absorbed into the system, does not upset the stomach, is absolutely pure and harmless and is delightful to take. Even the infant will enjoy it, and it will do as much for him as it does for the mother.

The Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) has used its world-wide resources in producing Nujol, and its reputation is behind the product.

Nujol is sold only in pint bottles, bearing Nujol trademark—never in bulk. Nujol is absolutely distinctive and individual. There is no other product on the market like it.

Write today for instructive booklet on Nujol and its uses.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(New Jersey)

Bayonne

New Jersey

Please send me booklet on Nujol and its uses. Write your name and address plainly below. Dept. 19

Name

Address

A SAFE, INSANE FOURTH

[Continued from page 56]

And we also realized and acknowledged for the first time that we had enjoyed the previous year so excessively because it was almost absolutely noiseless. In vain we hedged and mentally fenced and denied it. We had despised the cannon and the firecracker and the torpedo not only because they were dangerous but because they were noisy.

"A child," continued Edith turning decently away from our consternation, "may be patriotic without being noisy, but he doesn't think so and he doesn't want to think so."

"Out of the mouth of babes—" I quoted.

"And after all," Edith concluded serenely, "the Fourth comes only once a year, and if the children want to use it as an outlet for the bottled Imp of Noises in their natures, I am sure we ought to let them."

SHE leisurely wadded up her sewing, flung it into the basket, and strolled off in the direction of the brook. Edith would rather wade in the brook with the children any afternoon than sit and sew and listen to a serious discussion by her more dignified sisters.

And, of a surety, a discussion followed, if one could call a conversation that was merely a storm of protest a discussion. Yet the more we protested, the more we proved the truth of her statement, and at last we capitulated to the idea.

"I dread it," said Marcella grimly, "but if it's noise that they miss, it's noise they shall have—but how?"

"What's the noisiest thing you can think of?" I asked.

"Donald," retorted my sister flatly.

"No—No! I mean in the way of a celebration," I corrected.

Dorothy suddenly bounded almost out of her chair. "I was in New York on New Year's Eve," she said excitedly. "It makes my ears ache to think of it. There were horns of every description, and those horrible things that groan and grate, and—"

"And confetti!" I interrupted, "the very thing! Dorothy, you are a wonder!"

"Well, if it's noise they want," said Dorothy defensively, and hesitated.

"Exactly," finished Marcella, "I shall go to town to-morrow and buy horns of every description."

Thus it was that our plans for a model "safe and sane" Fourth fell sprawling by the wayside and those for what the irrepressible Edith termed "a safe, insane Fourth" took their place. Having forever abandoned the sissyish ideas connected with the previous Fourth, we decided to let the children give further vent to their

[Concluded on page 79]

A SAFE, INSANE FOURTH

[Continued from page 78]

feeling by having a play to be staged in the wood.

It was a dramatic and highly inflammable production in which a maiden was captured by Indians and rescued by the brave Boy Scouts who rushed in with a flag waving above their heads. We were pitifully determined to have that flag in somewhere. The play was simple, the lines having been written by Marcella; and the idea was chosen because nearly all the boys in the neighborhood had either Indian or Boy Scout suits. Cap pistols were used in the play and started the carnival of noise.

HORNS were distributed to all and whistling and shouting and beating upon drums were encouraged. As Marcella said, a little more or less could not matter and we were quite resigned, with a bulldog determination to test to the uttermost the success of this new venture.

Confetti and paper ribbons of all colors had been purchased in large quantities and distributed in the evening. Japanese lanterns hung in the branches of the trees and helped to illumine the scene, and the sight of a score of happy, excited, noisy children with horns against their red lips and bubbling with laughter and happiness was not in the least unpleasing.

The carnival spirit was contagious but it was not until I had inadvertently surprised Marcella—dignified Marcella—pelted two youngsters with confetti and laughing helplessly that I allowed myself to adventurously “toot” upon Donald’s horn and found that I liked it!

Thereafter, age and sex were forgotten. And counting the cost—it was no more than the old time “gunpowder” Fourth had demanded, no bleeding faces or bandaged members, and, last but not least—no dissatisfaction. As Donald observed, it was “a regular Fourth!”

A WEEK'S MENUS FOR NINE

[Continued from page 69]

whole milk at 7 cents a quart, and 1 gallon of fresh separated milk for 5 cents a quart. I raise and can all my own fruit, and I have a small flock of laying hens. We also raise Belgian hares, and one a week is allowed for the table.

Of course, I am fortunate in having the natural resources of my own small farm and orchard. I realize, too, that the cost of food varies in different localities; but I think that any other woman, similarly placed, could economize just as successfully if she figured carefully and studied the problem of waste elimination conscientiously.



What will you do with the time you've saved?

That question is something which we mere men wouldn't try to answer.

As makers of Gold Dust, however, we do know that Gold Dust *does save time in dishwashing*. We have proved this thoroughly in our experimental kitchen. We have heard it repeatedly from teachers of domestic science; millions of women friends have proved it—practically—at their kitchen sinks.

If you are one of those women who like scientific “reasons,” we will explain how Gold Dust saves this time.

Grease, as you know, sticks to the dishes. If it weren't for the grease, dishes would wash in a jiffy.

Now a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in the dishwater has the property of dissolving grease. As we say in the laboratory, it “saponifies” grease—that is, it turns grease into a soapy condition. As a result, the grease washes off very easily and very quickly.

Every time you hang up the dishpan after using Gold Dust, you will have saved time. But, to be sure of Gold Dust results be sure it is *actually* Gold Dust. At grocers in 5c and larger packages.

GOLD DUST

The Busy Cleaner

Gold Dust is a saponaceous powder with unusual cleansing properties. As Gold Dust contains no gritty substance, it dissolves thoroughly in either hot or cold water.

THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MAKERS



Let the GOLD DUST
TWINS do your work.

Keep Youthful!

"A woman can be young but once, but she can be youthful always." It is the face that tells the tale of time. Faithful use of

There is Beauty
in Every Jar

**Ingram's
Milkweed
Cream**

will keep the skin fresh and youthful. Sarah Bernhardt began its use twenty years ago—today she is proclaimed "young at seventy-one"



50c and \$1

Milkweed Cream is a time-proven preparation. More than a "face cream" of the ordinary sort. A skin-health cream. There is no substitute.

"Just to show the proper glow" use Ingram's Rouge. A safe preparation. Solid cake—no porcelaine. Three shades—50c.

Send us in stamps for our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purses, packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zedania Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room Sizes.

Frederick F. Ingram Company
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I-V CO., Dept. D—1966 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

THE MAN IN THE FRAME

[Concluded from page 22]

There was the little house and the slow-moving life there; the two weeks in the early summer when she was as one sacred, when the community recognized that she was a something apart. Each year this ceremony; two weeks of loving sacrament—not again?

Angela sprang up, her fingers gripping the collar of her gown. She felt them cold against her throat. What did it mean to have cold fingers, and this queer fear on the eve of her wedding-day? Just in the room above, Jasper was sleeping. She shivered. She would meet him at breakfast and he would eat—three chops—many things—so heartily and so fast. Then she would go out with him and marry him. She would be Mrs. Jasper Lowe—his wife—go to his house somewhere, and face an endless recurring of such days as to-day. Why, that was not what she wanted at all! She wanted quiet, solitude—the yearly returning of the roses.

Somewhere, a clock struck and she counted twelve. It was already to-morrow, then—the day she was to be married—the day for which she had come so gladly.

Suddenly, she got up and pinned on her hat in the dark, then unlocked the door, opened it a crack, and listened. It was quiet, and a flickering of lightning showed her that the front door at the foot of the stairs was open. She took a step into the hall, and then hesitated. She must leave some word for Jasper, who, after all, was not to blame—he was just himself—he would not understand how strangely she felt about him.

Once in the station, she thrust all the thoughts back that swarmed around her. It was nearly daylight when her train came, and quite daylight when she got off at the junction. The agent there dashed a hope that she might get a conveyance home. The junction was a considerable distance from her house. She pretended to him that it did not matter, and strolled away until she was out of his sight; then she went back to the track and started to walk as fast as she could.

When the familiar church spires towered among the trees ahead, she left the track and took the road, trying to walk as if she was not tired—not too slowly, not too fast. After all those miles of walking, she had not thought of anything she could say to the people at home. There was no reason in what she had done that any one of them could understand. There had been nothing wrong with Jasper. No one could see the feeling that lay within her. She would not mind, she told herself, swallowing hard—she would not mind telling a real lie concerning it if she could think of a suitable one. But

home was at hand, and she had not thought of any.

At the edge of town, she thought of Philip and turned off the main street to pass his home. Perhaps he could think of a lie. Men knew more lies than women, she thought.

He was not in sight, and, dominated by her hope in him, she rang his door bell. He answered it himself.

"I—I—I walked from the junction," she said piteously.

He did not answer. He was grasping the handle of her bag very tightly. His lips were set into a line.

They walked together down the street. As Angela had foreseen, every window had its occupants. She held her head high and smiled to keep away the droop she knew was about her mouth.

Philip handed her bag to her at her door-sill. He looked down into her tired little face, full of dread of coming explanations, dazed with uncertainty.

"Couldn't you have found that you preferred me?" he asked her.

She looked up with a faint, quick, dawning hope. "Oh," she breathed, "I felt that you would think of something to say. I simply must give some very good reason, you know. It would not leave me so very stranded would it? I believe they would not talk so much if there was—someone else. People are queer about wanting to pair you off, you know."

"Yes, very queer," he said dryly. "Shall we leave it that way, then—that you found you preferred me?"

"Oh, yes. I think so. If you don't mind."

"I don't mind at all, Angela."

In the quiet of her house, Angela undressed and went to bed. Somehow, she was suddenly at peace.

The next morning, Angela put on a fresh white dress; one that had a short-waisted broad belt, and made her look quite young. She stood on her steps and, below her, was the circle of red roses. She had a basket on her arm, and, after she had waved a hand to the watching neighbors, she went down among the roses and began cutting them. Then she filled pitchers, vases, and jugs with the flowers. She raised the shades high, and the sun streaked broad paths across the rooms.

Angela sang as she dusted her furniture and polished her teacups. She wiped an imaginary speck off Jasper's silver frame and was standing in front of it when Philip rapped at the open door.

He looked grave—that is, she noticed his mouth was grave, but he was smiling in his eyes.

"And how did the lie work?" he asked.

"Oh, Philip," she answered, "it was not a lie at all. How did you guess?"

FROM THE AGRICULTURAL FRONT

[Concluded from page 23]

work since then, though, except that I have been doing carting intermittently.

I wish you could have seen me the other day helping Mr. A. cut foot-rot out of the sheep's feet. I had to catch them, and turn them up, and cut the bad part out, quite by myself, and they are so heavy to catch and hold. But Mr. A. said I had been a great help.

DEAR M.—There are only two men here now who can do a day's work—one is the carter, and the other the foreman. There is a funny old cowman who is very little good. He milks half the cows, and cleans the sheds. The rest of the staff at the farm consists of four women, including myself. Mr. A. calls us his good fairies. One girl who has been here over a year, is simply fine now. She is not very old, and had been used to every luxury before she did this war work. She does general field-work, and has nothing to do with the stock. She is always in the fields before time, and goes on all day hoeing, pulling mangolds, or hedging. Another one of the four women helps milk the cows, makes the butter, works the separator, and has charge of the dairy. She also looks after the poultry, and, in her spare time, does field-work.

The third girl does field-work only, except on Sundays. She is the one that lives in the house with me.

Now, to continue with my work. Generally, I spend the time before breakfast grinding cake for the cows and sheep. If I'm not doing this, I go up to the turnip field and pick turnips. It's generally frosty, and it's just early enough to watch the moon gradually fade away, and the dawn break.

On Sundays, we take alternate mornings and afternoons to do the milking. To-day, it was my morning on. We begin at six-thirty and milk, and then feed the cows. Then we clean out the sheds—and they are none too pleasant now the cows are in at night! The three of us, in turns, stagger out with the wheelbarrow loads. There are the pigs and calves to feed, and that's all!

We all put in a good day's work, and are very tired at night, but get up feeling quite fresh next morning. We don't mind anything except real rain, when we have to be out in it all day; but, even then, we come in and have a nice hot tub and feel fit as can be afterward. We are very lucky, here, as lots of girls doing farm work cannot get baths. You know what this country is. A hot tub certainly seems to relieve aching backs in a wonderful way. By the way, I forgot to tell you that, true to our English custom, my boots always get cleaned by the butler. I know this will amuse you!

Be Dainty—

In these days of delicate laces—of filmy silky underthings—daintiness is at a premium. Never before was the feminine touch so highly prized.

It's the *dainty* women your brother and your husband pick out to praise.

To look bright and smart and fresh—you must *feel* bright and smart and fresh.

A refreshing bath and pretty clothes help. But for the quintessence of daintiness—follow the bath with a delightful rub with Mennen's.

Then shake it generously over your linen—And see the effect!

It's the big secret with many a fascinating woman.

Yes—it is lovely dusted between the sheets (especially on summer nights).

Just try it and see! Don't borrow the baby's can (he'll miss it). Get one for yourself. And as the proper *Borating* of Talcum is part of the reason it's so soothing—be sure you get the original by asking for Mennen's.

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UNCLE SAM'S KITCHEN BRIGADE

[Continued from page 74]

Drain off the water, again fill to overflowing with fresh cold water and seal, using sterilized rubbers and lid.

In conclusion, be sure always to sterilize jars in which fruits and vegetables are to be put away. To do this, wash jars and glass covers, and place in kettle with sufficient cold water to cover. Heat gradually to boiling point and boil five minutes. Remove jars from water, empty and fill immediately. Dip rubber rings in boiling hot water and adjust quickly with little handling. Adjust glass tops and tighten.

AMERICA'S BOHEMIA

[Continued from page 27]

There are restaurants a-plenty, unadorned, yet fascinating, where the clans gather, morning, noon, and night. One seldom dines at home, here, or dines alone, for that matter. There is always sure to be a group of fellow strugglers, off in the corner, at The Rat, or near the fireplace at the Mad Hatter's, who are quite ready to take you in. Between six and eight in the evening is the gayest time of all, however. When the guests are not joining in the newest song which the village song-maker has evolved over his teacup, then they are concerned with planning the dance of the apes, or the cemetery frolic, to be given in the village dance hall.

After dinner, there are many things one could do, with Greenwich Village so near New York! But not a few of the residents like to spend quiet evenings right in their own hamlet. There are attractive village shops—conducted alike by men and women—where pottery, draperies, baskets, lanterns, hand-made jewelry, and so on, are wrought, and held for sale—whither writers, and artists, and others not less beloved of the gods, congregate to hatch plots, and plan pictures. It has been discovered that Oriental tabourets and tiny three-legged tables, in futurist design, are not unsatisfactory substitutes for traditional cracker barrels.

Whether the townsfolk spend their evenings thus quietly, or whether they dance or whether they frolic, they manage to impart to the village that quality of gay abandon and irresponsibility which the world always associates with a Bohemian colony. And yet, nowhere could the industries of a community be conducted with more success, or could the work spirit be more manifest. The thrifty traders of the olden days, if they were to return, would shake their heads and smile, wholly satisfied with the prosperity of their picturesque little suburb, and even tolerant of its new atmosphere.

PLANNING THE HOME BEAUTIFUL

[Continued from page 70]

Either of these make an excellent background for shaded lamps, and the red and gold of books.

The butler's pantry, service halls, kitchen, and bathrooms of a house decorated along these color lines, should have walls covered with buff washable paint, or cream and brown washable tile-paper.

When decorating the walls of sleeping rooms, one cannot go far astray if this same general rule of color combination is followed. Shades of the same color family bind the rooms together, and still admit wide latitude in decorative accessories.

Bed-room wall-papers are probably the most ravishing things ever invented to tempt the soul of woman to artistic misdeemeanors. There are sky-blue satin lattices with pink silk flowers rioting through them. There are dreamy purple pergolas with mauve doves billing and cooing in the shadows. Moreover, the proud dealer will inform you that he has cretonnes to match. Madam, have a care how you buy cretonnes to match! It requires the eye of an artist to combine paper and fabric without producing an unpleasantly tattooed effect. Have your crimson poppies if you like, but give them a quiet background to bloom against. Let your bed coverings, window draperies, and chair cushions be of some plain, creamy material, instead of a cretonne that would give the room the appearance of an aggravated case of measles.

Paneled papers are good in large bedrooms where there are unbroken wall spaces. These are inexpensive, and come in stripes and inconspicuous all-over designs. Figured paper is in good taste if the furniture and accessories are supremely simple. A suitable paper for a man's room is oyster gray with a scarcely perceptible four-inch stripe, which breaks the monotony, and suggests vigor. Such a background is worthy of the old-blue rug that should cover the floor, and the old-silver side-lights.

The small son's room may be a replica of his father's, with the addition of hazy, brownish gray sailboats skimming the wide frieze, like misty ships in a dream.

In many houses, there is some small room that is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. Having no definite mission, it may justify itself by becoming frankly, even ostentatiously, decorative. An interior artist would probably hang upon the walls of such a room, paper showing gorgeous parrakeets against a mulberry-colored background, the whole paneled with gilt moldings. All such a nook requires to make it superlatively attractive is a rug, a simple writing-table, and a chair. Obviously, however, such a room could not be lived in continuously.



FAIRY SOAP affords real refreshment in toilet and bath use. Its rich, creamy lather—its whiteness and lasting purity—are due to the skillful blending of choice materials.

The oval, floating cake fits the hand, and holds its refreshing, cleansing qualities to the last. The cost is but 5c.

THE F. R. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

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SOFT AND VELVETY. Money back if not entirely pleased.

Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. M.

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Put an End to Drudgery

by cleaning the toilet bowl with **Sani-Flush**. What was once a disagreeable task becomes easy when you use **Sani-Flush**. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl every few days.

Sani-Flush

Removes stains, making the bowl snowy white, the hidden trap odorless and sanitary. No more scrubbing and dipping. For toilet bowls only. It will not injure bowl or connections.

25 Cents a Can

Sani-Flush is patented—nothing else like it. Sold by grocers, druggists, plumbers, hardware and general stores.

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The Trap that
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reaches, cleans,
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by stimulating and arousing the circulation with light applications of **Absorbine, Jr.**, rubbed in thoroughly. This invigorating liniment acts quickly and surely. It is fragrant and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue on the skin.

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\$1.00 a Bottle

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A Liberal Trial Bottle will be sent to your address upon receipt of 10c in stamps.

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MAKE MONEY THIS SUMMER. Young women from schools and colleges, and others, can make this a most profitable summer by becoming agents for the **Yanoco Complexion Brush**, French Ivory combs, brushes, mirrors, and other novelties. Easy sales, liberal commission. Address for details **Yanoco Ivory Company**, Avenue M., Leominster, Mass.

THE CRUSADE

[Continued from page 66]

and the gallery applauded appreciatively, especially when Lord's next over-shot the hole by yards.

"Will you have the car upholstered in your pet blue, or in the Union colors, Mrs. Carey?" Whitney shouted.

A moment later, his jubilation changed to groans. Mollie had reverted to her old formless style.

"Well, can you beat that for erratic playing?" Whitney demanded of the crowd; then, as his eyes fell upon a new face, he shouted. "Get out of this, Burt Carey! I knew there must be a Jonah about."

Carey started to reply, but all eyes were riveted on Lord, who hit into good position again. Mollie's next brought them together once more, and they exchanged glances. Her nervousness seemed to have vanished, entirely.

"Nip and Tuck, isn't it, Mr. Lord?" she inquired serenely.

"Mostly Nip, if you ask me," he responded with a slow smile.

Close on the heels of her awkward over-shot, he holed in neatly and the game was won.

"Well, the agony's over!" sighed Whitney. "But you've broken my heart, Mrs. Carey."

Carey, looking not at all like a man who has just lost a valued family heirloom, was patting his wife on the shoulder, his face one big grin.

"Go shake hands with the winner, Girl. A good sport is a good loser." Lord took Mollie's hand in a hearty, man-to-man clasp that deepened the glow in her face.

"Mighty smooth work, Mrs. Carey. I was afraid once you could not do it. It would have deceived me if I hadn't seen you kick that ball down the hill. By the way, I was out earlier than you thought, this morning, and I saw a few things on the course that you knew not. Almost, you persuaded me to become a suffragist! But not quite. I still believe that woman's—"

Mollie rippled into relieved laughter. "Don't you complete that chestnut," she warned.

Lord grinned. "I'll modify it. The place for a woman of your ability and heart is wherever she wants to be." He pulled out a note-book. "Now, just what is the address of the Union? I'll wire for the car to be sent at once, but, as a personal favor, I want you to promise not to advertise the gift." He walked away, and left husband and wife alone together.

Out of the thicket where Mollie's ball had been found, a bird fluted out.

"Kiss—her! Kiss—her! Only we three! Only we three! Do it now! Do it now!" And Burton cheerfully obeyed.

Lift Corns out with Fingers



A few drops of **Freezone** applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of **Freezone** on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO. Cincinnati, Ohio

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

keeps you fresh and dainty

and free from embarrassment because it takes all the odor out of perspiration. "Mum" won't harm your skin or stain your clothes.

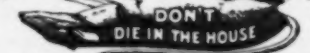
25c—at drug- and department-stores.

"Mum" is a Trade Mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

"Always Does the Work and Does It Right"

ROUGH ON RATS



Unbeatable Exterminator of Rats, Mice & Bugs

Used the World Over. Used by U. S. Government

It Can't Fail—It's All Exterminator

Stop Fattening Rats, Mice & Bugs!

On your food or on Catch Penny ready-to-use

substitutes—whose bulk is inert flour and grease

Why Trap Rats & Mice, One By One,

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END THEM ALL TO-NIGHT WITH A 25c box of ROUGH ON RATS

The Regulated Standard For Half a Century

At Drug & Country Stores

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT

STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10¢

THE NAMELESS MAN

[Continued from page 17]

"The fire is out," he announced, in answer to Barclay's repeated question, "and Jim Patterson is dead."

Midnight was long past when Julian Barclay reached his bedroom. He carefully locked the door behind him, drew down the blinds of his windows, and stopped before his mirror. But a glimpse of his face caused him to draw back and glance over his shoulder. Pshaw! the occurrences of the night were getting on his nerves. Other men had looked white and weary, too.

Before undressing, Barclay took from his trousers' pocket a small chamois covered miniature, and, uncovering it, gazed long and thoughtfully at the painted likeness of Ethel Ogden. Suddenly, with a gesture almost of horror, he laid the portrait on the dressing-table, and, again inserting his hand in his pocket, drew out a crumpled piece of cardboard and applied a match to it. Amidst the flames, the cardboard twisted and turned as if it were some living thing, and revealed the lower half of a torn photograph.

[Continued in the August McCall's]

HATS FOR EARLY SUMMER

[Continued from page 28]

itself to the coat suit, or even to the linen or flimsy summer gown. Straw and silk divided themselves equally on the original. The side-crown and the top of the brim were made of dark-green braid, of the shiny variety, whereas the top of the crown and the facing were of faille silk in the same color. Arranged around the side-crown, to trim the model, were four bunches of button-mold grapes, covered with Catawba-color satin, each connected with the other by graceful stems made of the same material. The combination of green and deep red—which is Catawba—alone would have made this model distinctive, but perhaps, I was especially enthusiastic over it because it is my particular kind of a hat!

Editor's Note.—Upon receipt of a stamped envelope, Mrs. Tobey will be glad to send you directions for making the dahlias on Fig. 1, and for folding the ribbon; for Fig. 2, the dimensions for the wire crown frame, and directions for molding the buckram over it; for Fig. 3, directions for making the leaves and stems; for Fig. 4, she can tell you how to make the center fruit piece. Besides, Mrs. Tobey is ready, as usual, to help you with all your special millinery problems.

"A pretty hand looks much better playing on the key-board than scrubbing on the wash-board," says the Fels-Naptha Home Maker.

BOILING water, strong soap and hard scrubbing rob more women's hands of grace than ever time did.

Too many pretty hands become roughened because their owners do not realize how very quickly and easily Fels-Naptha soap does washing and cleaning.

Remember Fels-Naptha soap makes white suds that keep white clothes white. Fels-Naptha is different from all other soaps, different in its composition, different in the quickness of its action.

You wouldn't work hard if you knew an easier way, would you? The Fels-Naptha way is easy.

Try Fels-Naptha soap and you will wonder how you ever did without it.

FELS-NAPTHA

SOAP

Look for red and green wrapper at the grocer's and see how easy the directions are.

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ALADDIN READI-CUT Houses
Eliminate Waste
Save Money
Get Catalog 220 The Aladdin Co. Bay City, Mich.

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—Every Deaf Person Knows That.
I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address
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Placed anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, and cheap.



Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Ask for

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QUICKLY REMOVE PIMPLES AND DANDRUFF

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Made of heavy hunting cloth, the stars in the blue field are heavily embroidered direct on the goods, instead of the usual method of cutting stars of white material and sewing them on the blue; our special price is \$5.00, delivered immediate.

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SMART FOOTWEAR
for summer means matching the gown with shoes made of "F. B. & C." KID.

Such colors as Pearl Gray No. 61, Ivory No. 40, Field Mouse No. 08 and Battleship Gray No. 24 are correct either as whole shoes or with tops of "F. B. & C." White Washable Glazed Kid "No. 81."

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To Neutralize Odors from Perspiration

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EVERSWEET, a dainty white odorless cream which destroys odors caused by perspiration. A little Eversweet applied to any part of the body gives relief.

It is not injurious to the skin or clothing.

Price 25c and 50c a jar

At all department and drug stores or by mail. Sample sent on receipt of 2c in stamps.

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Drink
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TRADE MARK

When the keen zest of sport gives way to fatigue,
there's nothing so delicious, so completely refresh-
ing as Coca-Cola.

Demand the genuine by full name—
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DON'T handi-cap yourself in a business way or socially with a painful corn. There's no need to keep your mind on your corn.

Blue-jay—the easy way—brings instant relief from pain. And your corns are gone in 48 hours. That is, the average corn. Some very stubborn cases require a second or third treatment.

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**Stops Pain—Ends Corns
Instantly Quickly**

They Die
Outdoors!



When answering ads. mention McCALL'S

THE LITTLE LEAD DISK

[Concluded from page 13]

That evening, after dinner, Sue opened her guest-room bed, and deposited therein the Watson heir. She had offered to keep him until Claudia's mother arrived.

She went to bed early, and awakened at exactly the same hour she had the night before. Intuition told her there was a specific reason for Gary to be burning the light in the sitting-room, again.

She rose, reached for her peignoir, and went down the hall to him.

He seemed not at all surprised to see her up.

She stood before him. "What is worrying you, Gary?" she wanted to know. "Why don't you tell me?"

"Because I—I hate to, Sue," he admitted.

"And I'll hate it if you don't," she reasoned. "You're not—afraid of me, are you, Gary?"

"Sue," he pleaded, "don't put it that way. Of course, I don't fear you."

"Well, then—"

"It's money, Sue," he plunged into the truth. "Business has not been what I've let you believe it was—it's been getting worse and worse. I had to sell our 'war bride' shares, to-day, to meet a note."

"Our stock?" Sue was incredulous. The money had been their "safety first" fund. Willed to Gary by an uncle, it had made their marriage possible at the beginning of Gary's new business venture.

"Our 'safety-first' fund, broken," murmured Sue. "It's sort of hard to take in, all at once."

"It doesn't get easier," was Gary's grim response.

Suddenly, she wondered. Why was Gary—gay, optimistic, philosophical Gary—so crushed by this loss? He was young, capable—his finances would rally quickly if given half a chance.

Sue set about breaking the silence. "We could easily find a less expensive house than this," she began, "until our affairs get straight. It might be the best thing that could happen to us."

He nodded.

"We have each other," she went on, "and that's the important part—I mean, that we care so—so very much for each other. Not even war can stop that," she added, resolutely.

"No," said Gary, unsteadily, "not even war."

"I've been thinking," she persevered, "about the troop. Haven't you?"

"A little." He tried shading.

"And I want you to go. I could never respect you again if you didn't. You want to go, don't you, Gary?"

He scowled, hopelessly, at his pipe. "Of course, it's our country, Sue, that's calling, isn't it? But hang it all, I can't experience this soldier's glee and thirst for

battle—besides, I feel so rotten leaving you to scrape along on almost nothing a week—though if I didn't go—"

She wanted it over, quickly, now. "It would be rottener," she told him.

"There are some things worse than war, aren't there, Sue?" Gary pointed, with his pipe, in the direction of the guest-room.

"Much," said Sue, and understood. "Then you'll go?"

He reached for the hand with the small, still shiny wedding-ring and kissed it. "Yes, I'll go," he declared.

It was a very good-looking, uniformed Gary who departed after breakfast for the Armory. The morning paper had done its best to excite Sue.

While dusting their dresser later, she opened Gary's collar-button box, to drop some buttons in. Then she stopped. A small lead disk, on a cord, made her pause.

She took the medal to the window's light. A bleak, scant inscription—"Corp. L., U. S. N. G." and a few indiscernible figures. It was the government's way of thinking of Gary, of identifying him in case—she pictured to herself the neatly typed letter that would notify her.

Sue stood with the medal in her hand, and thought not entirely of herself—somewhat of the women of Europe.

Rain and hail applauded the troop as it rode out of the corral the eventful afternoon. Representative citizens marched in the storm, escorting the city's sons who were going forth to unknown dangers. A band played. Whistles blew. It all seemed so ineffectual to Sue. What did the Mayor, the bank directors at the head of the parade know of Gary's going? What had she known, what had she really cared as she watched motion pictures of regiments in Europe?

It rained harder. Hoofs slipped on wet pavements. Sue's friends drove their car on and stopped along the line of march so she might have another view. On they came, these society soldiers, as they would never again be called, and then Gary. His face set stiffly toward the guidon, he missed Sue, but she saw. His mouth was twisted, his eyes were drawn together in a savagely determined look, in spite of which, and all unheeding, another drop than rain desecrated his cheek.

"Oh!" was Sue's hushed cry as she watched the back of his poncho disappear.

The train-shed was packed. A policeman made room for her to get within speaking distance of Gary. What did it matter? Someone put a flag into her hand—a flag with which to wave Gary off to victory. She looked at it, queerly. It was her flag—hers and Gary's. The red of its stripes was redder for a drop of their hearts' blood.

The Economy of Magazine Advertising

What we are driving at here is the inexpensiveness of Magazine Advertising, not a study in economics.

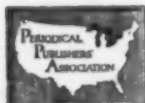
If, as manufacturer or merchant, you wish to reach the families in your neighborhood, you walk around to see them. If you want to cover your entire town, you hire some one to help. If you want to make a selling unit out of your State, you send out traveling men. If you are marketing a product nationally, you have your Sales Department, and Colorado is just the same to you as Connecticut.

In Magazine Advertising you measure out your money to suit conditions. You may select magazines which will furnish practically any service you need. Those weekly and monthly magazines which cover the country like a blanket give you a national service of publicity. There are others which appeal to particular kinds of people—same sort of folks in many different parts of the country. Then again there are magazines which restrict themselves in circulation to certain parts of the country, and others to similar types of communities. Study is needed, and advice, to determine just what magazines will be most effective for given purposes.

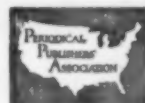
Then, there are factors which are common to all magazines. For example, they have long life. They live from an entire week to four or more. They are accessible on reading tables for days and days—the same magazines. Even when succeeding numbers come, the life of previous issues is not over; magazines are “passed along,” and do duty with additional people. Hardly any magazine is a one-man or a one-woman proposition. They are bought with the whole family's interest in view, and nowadays a family's assortment of magazines furnishes father, mother and the children just the sort of reading matter they like most.

Magazine Advertising, then, through the intimacy and directness of its appeal, as well as permanency, has an efficient and lasting commercial value. It has adaptability, in that it may be trained directly upon certain types, classes or communities. It adds prestige and standing to products, on account of the very strict “entrance examinations,” which every article featured in Magazine Advertising must pass before it is accepted. It builds and holds Good Will. It creates and maintains markets.

Are you using Magazine Advertising in your business?



PERIODICAL PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION
(ADVERTISING DIVISION)
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Christian Herald
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Cosmopolitan
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Harper's Bazar
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Hearst's
House and Garden
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Literary Digest
McCall's
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Outlook
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


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